

CASH PRIZES for READERS' PHOTOS

VOL. XX—No. 504
JULY 16, 1932

REGISTERED FOR TRANS-
MISSION BY CANADIAN
MAGAZINE POST.

Betty's Paper

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EVERY SATURDAY



DRAMATIC LONG NOVEL COMPLETE INSIDE

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NATIONAL SAVINGS SCHEME No. 10

I enclose herewith National Savings Certificate

No. for which a prize of a National Savings Certificate value £..... is offered in this issue of BETTY'S PAPER, and I agree to accept the Competition Editor's decision as final in all matters relating to this scheme.

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BETTY'S PAPER, July 16, 1932.
Closing date (first post), Thursday, July 14, 1932.

WHAT TO DO.

See whether you have a National Savings Certificate bearing one of the numbers printed in the above list.

If you have such a certificate, write to us claiming your prize and enclose your National Savings Book, to prove your claim, together with the coupon which appears on this page, with your prize, within a few days of the closing date for claims.

Prizewinners must understand that the prizes are Free Awards. The recipients will still retain their National Savings Certificates.

All claims for prizes in connection with the above list of numbers must be posted to arrive not later than the first post Thursday, July 14th. Claims arriving after that time will not be admitted.

All claims should be forwarded, by registered post, addressed to: National Savings List No. 10, BETTY'S PAPER, Pump Yard, Manchester (Comp.).

The Competition Editor's decision on all matters relating to this scheme is absolutely final and legally binding, and this is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Allied Newspapers Ltd. are not allowed to compete.

In addition to the splendid prizes set out above, you are offered £1,000 in IDEAS and Town Talk, £250 in WEEK-END NOVELS, and £250 in BOYS' MAGAZINE, this week, in similar National Savings Schemes. The certificate numbers in each paper are different. Buy them to-day, and see if you are entitled to claim one of the wonderful prizes offered.

EVIDENCE *for* DIVORCE!



by

Violet

Laurence

Our
Complete
Long
Novel

"It can't be true—it simply can't be true!" Mrs. Corbett, grey haired, beautifully dressed, looked up from the letter in her hand to meet the eyes of her nephew. "My boy—my only son—to marry a chorus girl, a girl who has been co-respondent in a sordid divorce case! It mustn't happen! I can't bear it!"

been his since his childhood, Roger knew he must somehow do what she asked.

His reckless young cousin had been in scrapes before, but never anything like this. He had never before proposed to marry a girl like Kay Morrison—a co-respondent in a divorce case which had filled the newspapers for days. And he had asked his mother to accept this girl as a daughter!

Tony had gone too far this time, and something would have to be done about it. He mustn't be allowed to bring scandal on an honourable name and break his mother's heart.

A girl with hard eyes and painted lips in this peaceful home among the Sussex hills—it was unthinkable! It must be prevented somehow.

"Will you stop worrying and leave everything to me?" he said gently. "I'll stop this marriage somehow, I promise you. But I'm afraid I shall

He meant to marry a girl with a past, but his mother, hating her future daughter-in-law, condemning her unheard as not good enough for her son's wife, plotted to part them. Was his love strong enough to ignore the cruel slander his mother whispered against the girl he loved?

Roger Daventry rose and laid a sympathetic hand on his aunt's shoulder.

"It may not be as bad as we think," he suggested soothingly. "Tony may be only infatuated—he may not be seriously in love with this girl."

"But he's engaged to her. He wants to bring her down here to meet me!" Mrs. Corbett's voice rose to a note of hysteria as she spoke. "Oh, Roger, can't you do something? Can't you stop it somehow? This girl must have bewitched my boy, swept him off his feet. Roger, you must save him somehow—you must!"

As he listened to the half hysterical pleading of the woman who had been like a mother to him since the death of his own parents, whose home had

have to ask you to do something you won't like."

A plan was rapidly forming in his mind as he spoke. It would be worse than useless to try and reason with Tony—he was mad about this girl, his letter made that clear.

There was just one chance of saving the boy from a marriage that could only end in disaster, and Roger knew he would have to take it.

Kay Morrison was after Tony's money. A girl like that would be interested in nothing else. And he, Roger Daventry, was far the richer man of the two. It ought to be easy enough to entice this girl away from his cousin.

"What do you want me to do, Roger?" Mrs. Corbett's voice cut eagerly across the silence. "I'll

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious, the names do not refer to any living person or persons.

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OUT EVERY SATURDAY.

do anything—anything to save my boy from lifelong misery!"

"I want you to invite this girl down here for a few days as Tony asks," Roger answered slowly. "I want you to make her as welcome as you can, try to hide your disapproval of the engagement—and leave the rest to me. Will you do it?"

Just for an instant Mrs. Corbett hesitated. She would have made any sacrifice to save her son, but Roger was asking a lot.

She would have to play the hypocrite, to pretend a welcome she was far from feeling towards Tony's fiancée. She hated the thought, but she knew she would have to do it.

"I'll do it if you think it necessary, Roger," she agreed at last. "Tony mustn't marry a girl so utterly unworthy of him—she would ruin his life. I know I can rely on you to do your best to stop it. I'll write to the girl at once."

In Spite Of Her Past He Was Willing To Marry Her.

TWO days later Kay Morrison sat facing her fiancé across the little table in a corner of their favourite restaurant, her dark eyes clouded.

The invitation to visit Mrs. Corbett had seemed kind and friendly enough, but she still dreaded meeting Tony's mother.

"Now you're not to worry, dear," Tony said more cheerfully than he felt, as he met her wistful eyes. "My mother will love you when she knows you—she couldn't help it."

But in his heart lurked misgiving as he pictured the tall, imposing form, and the penetrating grey eyes of his mother.

No one could be kinder to those she loved, but how would she take the news of his marriage to a girl whose good name had been dragged through the mire of the divorce court?

He believed in Kay's innocence in spite of the scandal that still hung about her—but would his mother believe, too?

But of course she was half convinced already, he assured himself, or else she would never have invited Kay to stay with her.

"Oh, Tony, I do hope your mother will like me!" Kay said anxiously. "It would be so miserable for us all if she didn't. It's a lot to ask her to accept the co-respondent in a divorce case as her daughter-in-law!"

She shivered at the memory her words conjured up, of that awful night when she had been found with Charles Talbot, the theatrical producer, alone in his flat, and of his wife's furious accusations.

Then had come the crowning horror of the divorce court, the staring eyes, the hateful suggestions of Mrs. Talbot's counsel, the stealing away of her good name while she was forced to listen, powerless to prove her innocence.

She had gone to see Charles Talbot about a part he was giving her in his new play. She had gone at night simply because he was too busy to see her in the daytime. But no one had believed that.

The very fact that he was giving her, an unknown chorus girl, a part at all had gone against her.

Looking back on that dreadful time Kay realised that Charles Talbot hadn't tried to trap her. He hadn't been particularly anxious for a divorce. They had both been the victims of circumstances and his wife's selfish desire for her freedom.

The only difference was that scandal meant very little to a man in Talbot's position, yet it clung to a girl all her life.

"It isn't fair!" she cried passionately. "It isn't fair that a girl should be dogged by scandal all her life and a man escape scot free!"

"Of course it isn't, dear," Tony agreed soothingly, with a nervous glance about him to see that nobody was listening.

He didn't doubt Kay, of course, but, at the same time, there was no need for her to draw attention to herself. Someone might recognise her and revive the scandal which had begun to die down.

But their corner of the little restaurant was deserted, and he went on:

"The scandal will be completely forgotten once you're my wife. Nobody will associate the mistress of The Towers with Talbot's co-respondent."

His tone was just a trifle patronising, but Kay didn't notice. She was too thankful for his faith in her to criticise him.

"It's wonderful of you to believe in me, to be ready to make me your wife in spite of the scandal," she said gratefully, and Tony was pleased.

It really had been rather a fine thing to do, asking Kay to marry him in the face of all the publicity. It was nice to know that she realised it, too.

And Kay was too deeply grateful for his love and trust that seemed a gift from Heaven to heal her broken life, to ask herself if her feeling for him was the deepest she was capable of. She took it for granted that it was, and Tony himself never doubted it.

The next day dawned bright and clear, a perfect summer day, and Kay felt she had never enjoyed anything so much as the run down into Sussex in Tony's sports model.

By the time he had turned the car into the curving drive and stopped before the doors of The Towers there was a wild-rose flush in her ivory cheeks under the black hair, and her fear of meeting Mrs. Corbett had almost vanished.

"Welcome, my dear," Mrs. Corbett spoke more cordially than she felt, as she came forward to greet her guest, but there was a glimmer of surprise in her keen grey eyes.

Somehow she hadn't expected the girl Tony wanted to marry to be in the least like this.

"I hope you had a good run, and Tony didn't frighten you by driving too fast," she added with a smile. But somehow that smile lacked warmth, and Kay felt it.

The coolness of her tone, the faint disapproval that Mrs. Corbett couldn't keep out of voice and manner, all told Kay she was not really welcome. She knew she was going to find it a difficult task to win over Tony's mother.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Daventry, the explorer," Mrs. Corbett went on, and her eyes signalled to Roger that she was thankful the girl was no worse.

ENTER THIS FASCINATING NEW CONTEST NOW!

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£10 for a HOLIDAY

SNAP!

MOST people keep snapshot albums nowadays; nearly everybody takes a snapshot camera away with them on holiday. For there is no better way to recapture the happy leisure moments of holiday-time than by a snap!

So here is a competition for everybody... open to all readers.

Send the snap of yourself you like best, with the following words written on the back, "I declare that this is a snapshot of myself," to "Snapshots," BETTY'S PAPER, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Read the rules printed on page 35, and fill in the coupon, also on that page, which must be enclosed with your entry. Send also a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your snap returned. Six photographs will be published each week for six weeks, the sender of each winning 10/6, and the final prize-winner will be selected from the published photographs.

£10 Will be given for the best reader's snapshot entered.

36 Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to the senders of published snaps.

Have you a snapshot of yourself which recalls happy, care-free holiday hours? If so, you must enter this fascinating contest.



Roger came forward as his aunt spoke—came forward, then halted abruptly, spellbound with sheer surprise.

He could understand his young cousin's infatuation now. This girl was lovely enough to turn any man's head.

But where was the make-up, the cheap, flashy clothes he had expected?

Her clothes were not expensive, but they were in perfect taste, and she used no make-up at all.

But, of course, all this was a pose, he told himself impatiently, and he mustn't be taken in by it. They would see the real Kay Morrison when she had been there a day or two!

"How do you do?" Kay murmured shyly in answer to his greeting—and surprised him again with the softness and charm of her voice. He could see now just how dangerous she was.

"My cousin is to be congratulated, Miss Morrison," he said in a low, faintly mocking tone. "I see now why he wants to marry you!"

His clasp was firm and warm as he took her out-

stretched hand in his. His eyes, deeply blue against the bronze of his skin, held hers—and meeting those oddly magnetic eyes a curious thrill, strong, compelling, electrical in its force, ran through Kay.

Against her will she found herself thinking that this man could be a wonderful lover if ever a woman stirred him to the depths. She found herself wondering what it would be like to be held in his strong arms, crushed against his heart—to feel his lips on hers.

Then she pulled herself together sharply, as she withdrew her hand.

Thoughts like this were not only absurd, they were disloyal to Tony, the man she had promised to marry. What did it matter to her what kind of lover Roger Daventry could be?

Yet try as she would to banish it, the thrill his touch had roused still lingered.

TWO days had passed since Kay's arrival at The Towers, and as she sat up in bed sipping the tea brought her by a neat, perfectly

trained maid she was already facing the fact that her visit wasn't going to be a success.

She didn't belong here in these luxurious surroundings, she told herself miserably, as she gazed about the room at the golden walls and ceiling and the thick gold pile carpet on the floor. Tony's mother had made her feel that.

She had done her best to please, but she was still as far as ever from winning the older woman's liking. She knew it all too well. Would she ever win Mrs. Corbett over, she wondered wistfully?

At this point her thoughts were interrupted by a discreet knock and the entrance of Simmonds, Mrs. Corbett's personal maid, come to help her dress.

"I've turned on your bath, miss," she said. "I thought you'd be getting up now."

As she spoke she cast a disapproving glance at the pile of artificial silk undies neatly folded on a chair, and seeing the glance, Kay winced. Clearly Simmonds despised anyone who didn't wear crepe-de-Chine and use gold backed hair brushes!

How was she to fit in here, even as Tony's wife, she asked herself despairingly, when even the servants looked down on her?

Roger Darenty was the only person who didn't seem to despise her for being just a working girl. He had been kind and attentive. But he could be very disturbing to a girl's peace of mind, she'd discovered.

Perhaps it would be wiser to avoid him as much as possible for the rest of her visit. She didn't want any more trouble in her life. She wanted to marry Tony, who meant peace and security, and settle down to quiet happiness. She had suffered enough.

But it was soon evident that Roger didn't mean to let her avoid him.

After breakfast Tony disappeared on some errand for his mother, and Mrs. Corbett rose from the table with the obvious intention of leaving Kay and Roger alone together.

"You must excuse me," she said as she gathered up a mass of correspondence brought by the morning's post. "I have some letters to write—several of these must be answered without delay. Why don't you get Roger to take you for a run in his car? It's a lovely morning. Much too nice to stay indoors."

Just for an instant Kay hesitated. She knew she wanted to go out with Roger—but what about her resolution to avoid him? And was it fair to Tony to let his cousin monopolise her?

"I don't think I ought to go," she said doubtfully. "Tony might want me to go somewhere with him."

"You needn't worry about that, my dear," Mrs. Corbett assured her. "Tony has gone into Barnhampton to meet my ward, Myra Conway, who is arriving to-day on a visit. I'm sure Roger will be only too pleased to look after you."

"Of course," Roger said quickly, catching his aunt's eye. "You mustn't waste a lovely morning like this waiting about for Tony, Kay. He won't be back till lunch time."

Kay's proud little head went up at that. So that was why Tony had slipped off with scarcely a word to her! He'd gone off to Barnhampton to

meet Myra Conway, Mrs. Corbett's orphan ward! Why hadn't he told her?

A brave smile curved her red lips as she faced Tony's mother. She wasn't going to show how his silence about meeting the other girl had hurt her.

"That's all right, then," she said with forced lightness. "It'll be nice to go for a drive with Roger."

As she turned away to go to her room and fetch a light coat a curious look passed between Roger and his aunt. Kay, seeing it, found herself wondering what it meant—for somehow she felt it concerned her.

Was it possible that Mrs. Corbett was deliberately throwing her and Roger together? Was that why she had got Tony out of the way by sending him to meet Myra?

As she ran up the broad oak staircase she told herself that the idea was absurd. If Mrs. Corbett didn't consider her a fit wife for Tony she surely wouldn't want her to marry Roger!

A few minutes later she stood before Roger in the spacious hall, a slim, graceful figure in her neat summer frock and short coat, with a soft felt hat crushed down on her black hair. Roger smiled with grim approval at the sight of her, thinking, once again, what a very attractive picture she made.

She was more than pretty, she was beautiful—this girl who was trying to marry Tony for his money!

But was she only after his money? Mightn't she really love Tony? Could a girl with such innocent eyes be nothing but a gold-digger?

But the next moment he pulled himself impatiently together, remembering the scandal in her past. Of course she was a fortune hunter—what else could she be? Innocent girls didn't get themselves mixed up in sordid divorce cases! He was allowing her beauty to deceive him.

He had sworn to win Kay Morrison away from his cousin, and save him from a marriage that could end in disaster, and he would do it!

"A Girl Like Her Isn't Good Enough To Marry!"

BEFORE Myra Conway had been in the house two hours Kay knew instinctively that here was an enemy.

The beautiful red-haired Society girl with her green eyes and expensive clothes made Kay feel a shabby little nobody, and she couldn't help knowing that this was just what Mrs. Corbett had intended.

She had brought Myra here to show her son's fiancée what kind of a daughter-in-law she really wanted. Perhaps she even hoped to end Tony's engagement.

She'd like Tony to marry Myra. She's hoping to drive me away and leave the coast clear, but she won't! Kay thought defiantly, setting her soft red lips. "I'm not going to run away just because Tony's mother doesn't approve of me! Tony thinks me good enough for him, and that's all that matters!"

But all the same, dinner that night was an ordeal,

eaten under the gaze of Myra Conway's scornful green eyes—eyes that seemed to mock every line of Kay's simple black evening frock with its bunch of blood red carnations on one shoulder. She found herself hating every moment of it.

She forced herself to laugh and talk as usual, and only Roger Daventry noticed the strained look in her dark eyes, the weary droop of the red lips, and noticing, he was well satisfied.

Obviously the little chorus girl felt the difference between herself and Myra, but obviously, too, she wasn't going to give in. Half against his will he felt a thrill of admiration for her courage.

When the meal was over, Mrs. Corbett retired to her own rooms, as she usually did in the evenings, and Roger rose and turned on the wireless, holding out his arms invitingly to Kay.

"Come on, let's dance," he suggested. "We simply can't waste a tune like this!"

Kay moved forward almost mechanically, caught up on the waves of the haunting waltz that filled the room. She had almost forgotten Tony, when the sound of his voice brought her to a standstill.

"No!" he exclaimed sharply, his grey eyes alight with angry jealousy as they met his cousin's blue ones. "Kay's coming with me to the billiard-room—I'm teaching her to play. Come, Kay!"

There was nothing to do but follow him, and Kay did so, with a feeling of shame in her heart—for she suddenly knew she didn't want to go and play billiards with Tony, her fiancé; she wanted to stay and dance to that wonderful music in Roger Daventry's strong arms.

When the door had closed behind the other two, Myra turned to Roger with a gleam of malice in her long green eyes.

Though she had only been in the house a few hours she hadn't failed to notice Roger's attentions

to the girl his cousin was going to marry—and it mustn't be allowed to go on.

Myra meant to marry Roger Daventry herself, for he was the richest man she knew, and her one ambition in life was to secure a rich husband.

"You know, Roger," she began, looking up into his strong bronzed face with cleverly assumed innocence, "I think Tony's simply wonderful to believe in Kay Morrison as he does and to want to

marry her in spite of the scandal. But I'm afraid it'll break his mother's heart if he brings her here as his wife—a girl who has had an affair with a married man and been co-respondent in a divorce case."

Myra knew perfectly well that Mrs. Corbett wanted her, and not Kay, for a daughter-in-law, but she had no intention of falling in with her guardian's plans.

She didn't want Tony, she wanted Roger who had so much more money and was by far the more fascinating of the two. She wanted the glamour of being a famous explorer's wife.

"You don't think there might be any mistake then?" Roger asked. "You don't think there's a chance Kay may have been innocent, after all?"

Somehow Myra made him want to defend Kay. He wanted to believe in her, though he didn't know why. It never occurred to him that he might be falling in love with the little chorus girl his cousin was going to marry—he would have laughed at the idea.

"Innocent—a girl like that!" Myra laughed, a hard, sneering laugh, as she answered him. "How could she be innocent? Have you forgotten already how she was caught alone with Charles Talbot at his flat late at night? Surely you're not going to let her fool you as she's fooled Tony!"

Roger's face grew grim again at her words. He'd been in danger of weakening—of forgetting that Kay was just a gold-digger—for all her innocent face. But he mustn't weaken. He'd promised his aunt



to stop Tony's marriage somehow, and he'd do it.

"You're right, Myra," he declared. "Of course a girl with Kay's past can't be anything but a mercenary little fortune hunter. I mustn't let myself forget it!"

But even as he spoke, he suddenly knew there was very little he wouldn't have given to be able to believe in Kay. And there was a note in his voice that made Myra's green eyes narrow suspiciously.

Whether he knew it or not, Roger was strongly attracted by Kay Morrison. He might fall in love with her yet if something wasn't done. Myra's thin scarlet lips set tightly at the thought. Something should be done, she vowed to herself, and done quickly!

ALONE in her room that night, Kay slipped into the shell-pink nightdress that had been laid out for her, and was about to get into bed, when a sharp rapping on her door arrested her.

Who could be knocking her up at this hour of night and what could they want with her? she asked herself. Could anything be wrong?

"Perhaps I'd better see," she finally decided, and slipping on a rose-pink wrapper that showed up her lovely colouring, she crossed the room.

To her astonishment it was Myra Conway who stood on the threshold when she opened the door.

"Let me in!" the Society girl commanded imperiously. "I've something to say to you—something you've got to hear!"

Taken by surprise, Kay stood aside, and Myra swept past her into the room, her green kimono wrapped closely about her slim figure, her green eyes ablaze with fury. She hated this little chit of a chorus girl who was trying to take Roger from her as she had never hated before.

"I've come to tell you to leave Roger Daventry alone!" she began without ceremony. "I saw how you were making up to him to-night. He's mine, mine, I tell you! Isn't it enough for you that you've captured Tony—fooled him with your innocent eyes? Roger and I were as good as engaged when you came on the scene to spoil everything!"

"But—but I don't understand," Kay stammered, bewildered by the suddenness of the other's attack. "Roger Daventry is nothing to me!"

In spite of her words, a slow burning blush stained her ivory cheeks as she spoke, and Myra's fury deepened at the sight of it.

"I mean to marry Roger—I've always meant to marry him, and I'm not going to let a common little working girl stand in my way!" Myra had fairly lost her temper now, and with it all remnants of self-control. "You stick to Tony and leave Roger alone!"

"How dare you suggest I'd be disloyal to Tony by trying to attract Roger!" Kay cried indignantly. "I don't forget I'm engaged to Tony, if you think I do!"

Myra laughed harshly as she turned to go. "Engaged to Tony, yes—but you don't love him!" she flashed. "As far as a girl like you can love, you love Roger Daventry, and you know it. Do you think I'm blind? But I warn you—leave him alone. He's mine!"

She was gone then in a whirl of sea-green draperies, leaving Kay to gaze after her with unseeing eyes, for in that moment she was suddenly face to face with the truth she had tried to hide from herself—the truth that Myra's parting shot had laid bare.

Come what would, she loved Roger Daventry. And her love was hopeless. He loved Myra Conway, who was of his own world, and she, Kay, was engaged to Tony.

She must go through with her marriage now. She must keep her word and try to make Tony a good wife. She owed it to him for his belief in her and the loyalty he had shown in the face of the scandal that darkened her life.

For a long moment she stood there, facing the future. No matter what it cost, she realised, she must banish the image of Roger Daventry from her heart and forget the love she had given, unasked, to a man who didn't love her.

There was no sign of Roger at the breakfast table when Kay went down the next morning, worn out after a sleepless night, and for this she was thankful. She felt she couldn't have faced him after the sudden discovery of her love for him. Somehow, she felt, those intensely blue eyes of his would have discovered her secret.

She looked pale and tired and there were dark shadows under her velvety eyes. But looking at her, Tony felt not the slightest twinge of pity.

He couldn't forget Myra's words when she had seen him that morning: "Look after Kay, Tony, or you'll lose her to Roger!" He couldn't forget the look in Kay's eyes the night before when he had taken her off to the billiard-room, away from his cousin.

There were things he must say to Kay, things she'd brought on herself, and he meant to say them, even if she did look tired. He hadn't brought her down here to behave as though she was engaged to Roger instead of to himself!

"I'll Never Marry A Man Who Doesn't Trust Me!"

"WILL you come to the morning-room?" he asked, when breakfast was over. "I want to talk to you, Kay."

There was a light in his grey eyes that hinted at trouble of some kind, but Kay followed him obediently, too weary to care what happened. Nothing seemed to matter any more now she knew she loved Roger—and he was as good as engaged to Myra Conway.

"Well, what is it?" she asked as Tony followed her into the cheerful chintz-hung morning-room and closed the door behind him. "What do you want to say to me, Tony?"

Tony turned on her with blazing eyes at that. "I wonder you need to ask!" he exclaimed furiously. "Ever since I brought you down here three days ago you've been making an exhibition of yourself with my cousin. Anybody would think you were going to marry Roger, not me!"

"Tony—you don't know what you're saying!" Kay protested. "If I'm going to be one of the family I must be polite to your cousin."

"Polite!" Tony laughed harshly. "You're with Roger every day, you motor with him, dance with him—you see more of him than you do of me! And you call that being polite! It's got to stop, I tell you. I don't want my future wife mixed up in any more scandal!"

"Tony—you don't mean that!" Kay gasped unbelievably. "You know it wasn't my fault that I was involved in Charles Talbot's divorce case!"

"That wasn't your fault, perhaps—but the scandal you're creating by flirting with Roger is!" Tony retorted fiercely. "I tell you it's got to stop!"

Kay gazed at him for an instant with wide, horror-stricken eyes.

"Then you don't trust me," she said slowly. "You're not sure, after all, if there wasn't some reason for Charles Talbot's wife citing me as co-respondent!"

For an instant longer she stood silently gazing at him, then she slowly drew the cluster of diamonds from her engagement finger and held it out to him.

"If you feel like that, you'd better take your ring back," she told him bitterly. "I thought you loved me and believed in me, but I see I was mistaken. Our engagement had better end now. I'll never marry a man who doesn't trust me!"

The sight of the glittering stones lying in the palm of her slender hand brought Tony abruptly to his senses. He'd never intended things to go as far as this.

She seemed more desirable than she had ever done standing there, her face so white and tense, holding herself so proudly. He couldn't bare to lose her.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Kay," he murmured haltingly. "I didn't mean all I said. I lost my temper. I thought you were beginning to prefer Roger to me, and I couldn't stand it. Forgive me, and take back your ring, please, Kay!"

Just for an instant Kay hesitated, some instinct urging her to keep her new-found freedom. Then she held out her hand and allowed him to slip the ring back on to her finger again.

She'd promised to marry Tony, and as long as he wanted her she must keep her promise. She had been to blame, she realised it now, for allowing Roger to take up so much of her time. She wouldn't have done it if Mrs. Corbett hadn't thrown Tony into Myra's company so much. It was natural Tony should be jealous.

"We'll forget it, and I'll promise to trust you and never to be jealous again!" Tony declared eagerly as he caught her in his arms. "Say you forgive me, Kay!"

"I forgive you, Tony," she assured him rather wearily. "I'm sorry I made you jealous. I didn't mean to."

Tony crushed her closer then, and as his lips

"Here is your ring," she said coldly. "I'm sorry," Tony said. "I lost my temper. Of course you are innocent."



found hers and clung, Kay slipped her arms about his neck, striving to feel responsive.

But why, oh, why must she wish it was Roger's strong arms that held her, Roger's firm lips that pressed to hers instead of Tony's? Why must she feel so cold towards the man she was going to marry?

DURING the days that followed that scene with Tony, when she had realised for the first time his jealousy of his cousin, Kay struggled hard to avoid Roger, and for a time she succeeded.

There had been no announcement yet of his engagement to Myra Conway, but Kay told herself it couldn't be long delayed, and a stab of pain shot through her heart. Try as she would to kill her love for Roger, it still lived! She knew it always would.

As she sat at the window in the oak-panelled library gazing wistfully out over the perfectly kept lawns, she envied with all her heart the girl who would be Roger Daventry's wife, and know the wonder of his love, as she herself could never hope to do.

She was still sitting there, lost in her unhappy thoughts, when the door opened and Roger himself came in.

At the sight of him she rose hurriedly to her feet. She mustn't be left alone with him. He was too dangerously fascinating, and her love for him

was too great. She must remember Tony, her future husband.

"I—I must go," she stammered nervously. "Tony will wonder what's become of me."

She turned towards the door, but Roger checked her with a strong hand on her arm.

"Why are you so anxious to avoid me these days?" he demanded, smiling. "Surely you're not afraid of me? You can't run away this time—I'm not going to let you. I want to talk to you. You needn't worry about Tony. He's playing tennis with Myra, and he seems to be enjoying it!"

Kay's small head with its crown of soft black hair went up and her dark eyes hardened. She'd tried, tried hard to be loyal to Tony, but his mother gave her no chance—for, of course, Mrs. Corbett had suggested this game of tennis with Myra.

"Very well," she said proudly. "If Tony's amusing himself so well without me, I can stay. There's no reason why I shouldn't now."

"Good!" Roger Daventry leaned forward as he spoke, his eyes, so deeply blue against his brown face, fixed on hers. "I want to ask you a question, Kay. Do you love Tony?"

The colour faded from Kay's face, leaving it ivory pale at the unexpected question, and her dark eyes were wide and startled as she faced him.

"I—I—oh, why did you ask me that?" she cried miserably. "Do you think I'd marry him if I didn't love him?"

"You don't!" Roger cried triumphantly. "You don't love him—you never will! It's me you love, not Tony. I've seen it in your eyes a thousand times. You can't deny it!"

The next moment she was in his arms, crushed close against him, her promise to Tony forgotten, everything forgotten in the wonder of that embrace—clinging to him blindly while his lips found hers.

"Kay, say you love me—say you'll break off your engagement to Tony and marry me instead!" Roger's voice, low and passionate, sounded close to her ear. "He doesn't really love you—he'd be just as happy with Myra. It won't break his heart if you tell him you can't marry him. Say you will!"

As he held her warm, soft body close against him, felt her soft lips answering to his, a sudden wave of shamed disgust for the part he had set himself to play swept over Roger Daventry. Then he reminded himself sternly that this girl with the innocent eyes was a mere gold-digger, ready to marry any man who was rich enough to give her all she wanted. She deserved no mercy.

This was his chance to save his cousin as he had promised to do—to prove to him that Kay Morrison was unworthy of his trust. There could be no turning back now.

"Say you'll break with Tony and marry me—say you will!" he urged masterfully, and listening to him Kay knew that he was sweeping her off her feet. She knew she longed to do what he asked. Then the gleam of the diamonds on her engagement finger caught her eyes and held her back.

"How can I?" she whispered miserably. "How can I break with Tony? He wants me; he be-

lieved in me when no one else did—how can I break with him now?"

"You can—you must!" Roger was holding her closer, crushing down her last scruples with the magic of his nearness. "I tell you he'd be just as happy with Myra—and you don't love him. You can't go through with this marriage of yours! You can't do it!"

As he spoke Kay suddenly knew she couldn't. Her marriage to Tony had suddenly become impossible—and she couldn't believe he'd break his heart when she told him the truth.

"I'll—I'll tell Tony I don't love him and ask him to release me," she murmured at last. "I love you, Roger. I've fought against it, but it's too strong for me. I'll find Tony and ask him to set me free. He won't hold me to my promise when he knows I love you."

"You're right—I shan't!" A grim voice from the doorway made Kay turn with a start to find Tony's condemning grey eyes fixed on her flushed face. "I wouldn't marry a girl like you for anything in the world! I see at last that Roger was right and I was wrong. He said you'd throw me over for him if he asked you to. He said you'd jump at the chance of marrying him because he's the richer man. And I laughed in his face! I wouldn't hear a word against you. But I know the truth at last. You're just a mercenary little gold-digger and all you ever wanted was my money!"

With a swift movement Kay twisted herself free of Roger's arms and stood, white and angry, facing them with blazing eyes.

That Roger, the man she had learnt to love and trust, should believe her a gold-digger, and had stooped to trap her like this to prove her worthless to his cousin!

"How dare you—oh, how dare you judge me like this!" she cried passionately, and Roger paled before the scorn in her dark eyes. "You take it for granted that I was having an affair with Charles Talbot at the time of his divorce and that his wife had every right to cite me as co-respondent. You set yourself deliberately to destroy Tony's faith in me. I suppose it never occurred to you that I might be innocent after all? Now you've turned Tony against me and robbed me of the chance of happiness with him, I hope you're satisfied!"

Then she turned on Tony, who had stood white and silent during her passionate outburst.

"And you, who said you loved me, and believed in me! Your faith was very easily shattered, wasn't it?" she said with biting scorn. "The truth is that you never really believed in me at all!"

"I believed in you once. I was ready to make you my wife in spite of the scandal that clung about you," Tony answered grimly. "But I can't forget how ready you were to throw me over when a richer man asked you to!"

"But you thought you were doing rather a fine thing in marrying a girl who'd been compromised in a divorce case," Kay retorted contemptuously. "I was mad to promise to marry you—mad to come here, where I don't belong. I hate you, both of you! I never want to see either of you again!"

Honeymoon Hotel



THIS IS THE INTRIGUING TITLE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SERIES OF TRUE STORIES EVER PUBLISHED.

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NEXT SATURDAY'S ISSUE OF

BETTY'S PAPER

She turned from them with a passionate movement of her slender body, but Roger's voice checked her before she could reach the door.

"Not so fast—not so fast!" he cried mockingly. "It's true that I've robbed you of a rich husband by opening Tony's eyes to the truth about you, but I'm willing to make amends by marrying you myself. I'm far richer than he is, don't forget!"

Kay halted for an instant by the door to give him one last glance of utter scorn.

"I wouldn't marry you if you begged me to after what you've done!" she flamed. "I hate you. I never want to see you again!"

She was gone then, her dark head held high, leaving Roger to gaze after her with a sick pain at his heart.

He had done what he'd set out to do. He had destroyed Tony's faith in her and stopped her marriage with his cousin—only to discover that, worthless as she was, he loved her!

"She Is Utterly Worthless!"

IN the sunlit morning room of The Towers, Roger Daventry sat with his head in his hands, his bronzed face drawn and weary.

A week had passed since that fateful scene in which he had finally parted Kay from Tony, and in doing so brought on himself her utter scorn. A week since she had gone from the house where she

had never been truly welcome, leaving only a brief note behind. And now he found himself face to face with doubt.

Had he been right in assuming Kay to be nothing but a sordid little fortune hunter?

If she'd been nothing but the gold-digger he thought her, why hadn't she accepted his offer of marriage and secured a wealthy husband, instead of throwing his mocking proposal back in his face?

He'd done what seemed best at the time in bringing Tony's engagement to an end, as he'd promised his aunt he would. But what if he'd made a terrible blunder? If the girl who was accused of an affair with a married man were innocent after all?

His unhappy thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door, and looking up with a start he met the green eyes of Myra Conway, who had just entered.

Myra had managed to prolong her visit to The Towers easily enough after Kay's departure and had done her utmost to win Roger, but without success. He had been blind to her efforts to attract him, and instinctively she knew it was because he was still thinking of the little chorus-girl.

Her green eyes glittered dangerously at the thought. He must be finally convinced of Kay Morrison's worthlessness. And Myra had come here to do it.

Taking a swift step forward she laid a long white hand on his shoulder.

"Roger, you're not still thinking of Kay, are you?" she asked with apparent sympathy. "You surely wouldn't give another thought to a girl like that now she's gone? She isn't worth it, Roger—really she isn't."

"I was thinking of her, as it happens," Roger admitted slowly. "I was wondering if I could possibly have wronged her—if she could be innocent in spite of appearances against her."

Myra's thin scarlet lips tightened to a hard line as she answered him. Now was the time to carry her plan into practice and destroy his last lingering faith in the other girl.

"She can't be innocent, Roger. She can't possibly be," she said, hiding the gleam of malice in her long eyes. "I happen to know—but I hardly like to tell you what I know."

"Tell me," Roger commanded harshly. "Whatever it is you know about Kay, tell me at once. I must know!"

"Well, if you insist, I happen to know that she's in London with Charles Talbot now," Myra told him with pretended reluctance. "She's working at the Coronet Theatre again, and her association with this man is causing no end of scandal."

"That isn't true—it can't be true!" Roger sprang suddenly to his feet as he spoke. "I can't believe it!"

"It is true," Myra returned. "I had a letter this morning from a friend in London telling me all about it. Roger"—suddenly she was close to him, her long white arms about his neck, her hard, beautiful face upturned alluringly to his—"Roger, you can't care for this girl. She's utterly worthless! Forget her and turn to me. I'll give you a happiness she never could!"

For a moment Roger stood gazing down at her, taking in the beauty of her white skin and red hair. Then, with a gesture of decision, he put her from him, unclasping her arms from about his neck.

"It won't do, Myra!" he told her a trifle mockingly. "I've known you too long to believe that you care for anything but money. You may get a rich husband some day, but it won't be me!"

He turned swiftly to the door as he spoke, and Myra rushed after him in sudden alarm. What did he mean to do? Did he suspect she'd lied to him about Kay Morrison?

"Where are you going?" she demanded fearfully. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to London," was the grim retort. "I'm going to see Charles Talbot and wring the truth from him! I can't believe Kay's with him—it can't be true!"

"But, Roger—you can't do that! You—"

But he was gone before she could finish, and in that moment Myra knew she was beaten. He would never rest now till he knew the truth, and when he knew it he would despise her for blackening an innocent girl to serve her own ends.

She had lost him, lost him for ever. He'd never marry her now.

IN Charles Talbot's private room at the Coronet Theatre Roger Daventry stood facing the man he had insisted on seeing with a look of grim determination on his strong, handsome face.

"I've come here to ask you for the truth about Kay Morrison," he began without ceremony. "I've been told she's here in London with you and that her association with you is causing endless scandal. I must know if it's true—I mean to know!"

The great producer leaned back in his chair and eyed his visitor curiously.

"So you've heard that, have you?" he asked with an odd look. "And do you believe it?"

"I don't know what to believe. I've thought about it all till I'm sick of thinking," Roger returned miserably. "I know that Kay was co-respondent in your divorce case, and now I'm told she's here with you, and I don't know what to think. I can't believe she's worthless, and yet—"

Charles Talbot slowly removed the cigar from his lips before he spoke.

"Mr. Daventry," he said slowly, "if you really believed anything whatsoever against Kay Morrison you're not only mistaken—you're a cad! Innocent! Of course, she's innocent! It was no fault of hers or mine that she was caught with me at my flat that night and mixed up in my divorce. She's never taken a penny from me, and she's not doing so now, more than the salary she earns. If you've any decency at all you'll go straight to her now and beg her forgiveness for the wrong you've done her by your suspicions. You've misjudged her shamefully."

Roger's blue eyes had lost their masterful light and were filled with a strange humility as he turned away.

"Thank you for telling me the truth," he said gratefully. "I oughtn't to have needed telling. I ought to have known Kay couldn't do wrong! My love for her should have told me that."

"Well, go along to her dressing-room now," Charles Talbot advised. "She'll probably forgive you—though you don't deserve it."

The curtain had fallen on the last act and Kay had just returned to her dressing-room—the dressing-room which was all her own now that Charles Talbot had given her a part in his new play—when Roger entered, with hands outstretched and pleading in his blue eyes.

"Roger!" she gasped, white to the lips at the shock of his sudden appearance.

"Kay, I know everything at last. I've seen Charles Talbot, and he's told me the truth, though I shouldn't have needed telling! I know how you were trapped into being his co-respondent. I know you're not living under his protection now, as Myra said you were. Can you ever forgive me for the wrong I've done you? Do you hate me, Kay?"

"No, Roger, I don't hate you," Kay answered slowly. "I suppose I ought to, but somehow I don't. I believe you did what you thought was best when you parted me from Tony."

"I'll go back to him at once, I'll tell him the truth and send him back to you," Roger offered eagerly. "There's nothing I wouldn't do to atone for the way I've treated you. I had no right to judge you as I did or to break off the marriage with Tony that might have brought you happiness."

He looked boyish in his earnestness, with his

(Continued on page 29.)

*Begin This Passionate
Serial Here.*

13



ONE HOUR of love, of passion, of moonlight and rapture, when a girl gave all the love of her heart to a man. AND THEN REGRET: the bitter, humiliating regret of knowing that he had only regarded her as a pretty toy whose love could be bought!

"I've always loved you—I love you still."

Jill could hardly realise that Guy Chiford was really standing there; really believing her innocence at last.

So many people had blackened her character, in his eyes. Rick Anderson, his cousin, who hadn't wanted Guy, wealthy and famous, to marry a sixpenny-store girl. Gwen Farraday, of Guy's own class, who wanted Guy herself. Drake Meredith, who had offered Jill everything but a wedding ring. Even Cicely Fenshaw, once her own friend, who saw in Jill's tangled love affair a way to step into society herself.

But now Rick Anderson was ill and had confessed to Guy that he had falsely accused Jill. Gwen, a few hours Guy's bride, was dead, after a fatal accident. And now Guy had come back to her.

"Guy," she whispered. "Oh, Guy!"

At that moment there was a knock at the door. A telegraph boy, with a telegram for Jill, stood outside. As she read the words of the message Jill whitened, remembering, with a sudden rush of terror, that she was not free to love Guy.

Remembering that, to quieten Cicely who had

by
Jasmine Day

heard Guy and his bride quarrelling and threatened to tell the police of the quarrel, she had been forced to promise herself to Drake for one thousand pounds, the

price of Cicely's silence.

She read the telegram slowly.

We leave for Paris to-night. Don't forget your promise. DRAKE.

That night Jill left with Drake for Paris. There was no other thing to do; but she left with terror in her heart, and despair.

Terror because she had to go through with her bargain. Despair because Guy had found out what she was doing, but didn't know why!

The next night Jill married Drake, in a tiny hospital ward in Paris, where he lay, dying the doctors said, without ever fulfilling her promise to him.

In a café brawl, soon after their arrival, Drake had been injured, and as he lay on his death bed he had begged her to marry him.

"You might as well have my fortune Jill... don't refuse my last request."

So she had married him.

TWO days later, when Jill called at the hospital they told her that Drake would live. He had made an amazing recovery.

"I've defeated death once again, dearest," he laughed exultingly. "And no wonder! Even death couldn't vanquish me when I've so much to live for."

He took her hand and squeezed it tightly. His dark eyes roved over her.

"My wife, Jill," he muttered. "My wife! That's rather strange, considering how we set out on this journey, isn't it? One in the eye for Guy Clifford, eh?"

Jill set her teeth. She didn't say anything. She wished he wouldn't mention Guy. She mustn't even think of him now that she was Drake Meredith's wife. That queer shiver still shot through her whenever Drake touched her. The awful dread of what must happen could still make her at times almost physically sick.

"It won't be long now before I'm out of the hospital, little sweetheart," Drake was whispering. "We've waited for our honeymoon, haven't we? Well, you won't have to wait much longer. And I can promise you it will be well worth waiting for."

That night Jill sat for a long time before her mirror staring at her small white face in the glass. Could she go through with it? It seemed to her that each day the dread of what she must face was becoming more and more a hideous nightmare. Wasn't there any way out?

Then it occurred to her, startlingly, that if things should get more than she could bear, there *was* a way out. She shivered. Was she a coward to contemplate such a thing?

"But I can't stand too much," she whispered in a tense broken voice. "It isn't fair of life to ask me to!"

Dare She Threaten Him With His Past?

NO one is ever content in this life. Cicely wasn't content with her thousand pounds. Her suddenly acquired wealth had given her a new and extravagant outlook upon life. She left the little Brixton flat and moved into an expensive service flat near Mayfair. She bought herself new clothes and jewellery. She acted as though that thousand pounds would last indefinitely.

But, suddenly, one morning she awoke with a start to realise that more than half of it was gone already. Somehow she must find a way of getting more. But where was she to get it?

Her first thought was Rick Anderson. "He can't be relied upon for much, but 'every little helps,' is my motto," she thought with a hard smile. Yes, she'd go and see him that morning!

She dressed with particular care, choosing a fluffy summer frock. It emphasised her fair prettiness. To look at her you would have thought her the sweetest and most angelic of creatures. That was her stock in trade!

Rick Anderson was convalescing after his serious attack of pneumonia. He was seated in an armchair, wearing a rich brocade dressing-gown when his man showed her in. He didn't look as pleased to see the

vision of fair loveliness that Cicely presented as he might have!

"Hello, come to try and bleed me for something more?" he grumbled.

Cicely seated herself on the arm of the chair facing him. She wound her pretty bare arms about her knees and laughed lightly.

"Poor old Rick," she laughed. "Have you had a very bad time of it?"

"Bad enough," Rick snapped. "I feel pretty weak."

"That's good," she smiled back. "Then I guess you're too weak to refuse me anything, aren't you?"

"Hanged if I am!" he shot out angrily. "You've got all you're going to get out of me!"

Cicely bit her pretty lower lip. She was trying to control her rising temper.

"Don't be so cross," she chided him. "Listen, Rick darling, I was strolling down Bond Street and stopped to look in a window, casually, you know, when I saw a set of most marvellous French hand-worked undies. They were so divine I couldn't help staring at them."

"Go back and stare at them again," he said curtly. "It doesn't cost me anything to have you stare at them, does it?" And he gave a short, derisive laugh.

She pouted. "It's all very well for you to make jokes about it, Rick."

"Jokes? I'm not joking. Listen—get this straight. You've had the last so-called 'present' you're going to get out of me. From now on, nothing doing. Absolutely."

The angry colour mounted to Cicely's cheeks. "Then you don't mind your cousin, Guy Clifford, knowing about that letter you wrote Jill?"

"I do mind—but not in the way you mean. I feel a rotten cur about it now. But, you see, recently I told Guy everything. There is nothing you could tell him now that he doesn't know already."

"Oh!" said Cicely. She was very quiet for a moment—and very angry. So he had queered her little game, had he? The fool!

A smile of ironic amusement passed over Rick's face. He pressed the bell. His servant came in.

"Please show Miss Fenshaw out," he said. He smiled at Cicely and added: "So sorry, my dear. But I can't entertain ladies for long—however charming they may be. Doctor's orders, you know."

And a few minutes later Cicely found herself out in the street.

She was furious. So angry that for some minutes she walked blindly down the street, bumping into people without seeing them. Presently she became calmer. She even shrugged. Oh, well, she hadn't been getting so very much out of Rick Anderson, anyhow. Chiefly clothes and things. And what she wanted was money, large sums of money coming in constantly.

She *had* to keep up the style she was living in now. She couldn't bear the thought of going back to that pokey little attic flat. And the thought of work nauseated her! But how was she to get more money?

As she stood there on a corner, her eyes suddenly lighted on a newspaper poster: *Guy Clifford to Drive at Brooklands To-day.*

She stared with scant interest at first, but gradually her eyes narrowed. Of course! The solution to all her problems! Why hadn't she thought of it before? For if Jill, who merely loved him, would pay a thousand pounds for her, Cicely, to keep quiet about the threat she had overheard him make to his wife, how much more might not Guy himself pay? Surely he, the chief person concerned, would pay *thousands* for her to keep quiet!

She glanced at her wrist-watch. She would just have time to get out to Brooklands before the first race began. Well, she had nothing particular to do that afternoon, and she was all for putting her plan into action immediately.

BROOKLANDS presented a gay, exciting scene that bright summer afternoon. The Members' Paddock and Grand Stand were crowded; ultra-smart women moved about with their men friends, all holding race-books, all talking excitedly. Would Guy Clifford win the big race that he was hot favourite for? The bookmakers called that the odds were two to one on Clifford.

Cicely grudged the guinea she had to pay to get into the Members' Enclosure, but otherwise she would have no hope of seeing Guy. She asked an attendant where she could find him, and he told her that Clifford was probably giving his car a final look over down in the pits. Cicely thanked him sweetly and walked away. The attendant, misguidedly, thought he had done Guy a good turn. Cicely *did* look extraordinarily pretty that afternoon. Like the summer cover of a popular magazine.

Guy had the car's hood up. He was bending over the engine when Cicely found him.

"I'm sorry, Miss Fenshaw, I'm rather busy at the moment. Can't it wait until after the race?" Guy said half impatiently.

"No, it can't. I must speak to you at once, Mr. Clifford. It's—it's about Jill," she whispered. The lie sprang readily to her lips. She sensed that more than anything else that would make him listen to her.

His lean body went taut immediately. His face hardened, but there was a queer, eager glow in his eyes. "About Jill, you say?"

Cicely nodded. "Yes, it's very important. But I must speak to you alone."

Guy threw a few orders to his mechanic. "Let's go into the Club House, shall we?" He turned



"How dare you!" she cried. "Well, you are blackmailing me; aren't you?" he said coldly.

again to Cicely. "I've a clear fifteen minutes before we have to line up for the next race."

The attractive Club House at this hour was practically deserted. All the members were outside in the paddock, watching the racing. Guy led Cicely into the comfortable members' reading-room, offered her a seat, and stood leaning against the mantelshelf.

"Well, what about Jill?"

"She's gone to Paris with Drake Meredith," said Cicely, searching in her brain for something he mightn't know about Jill.

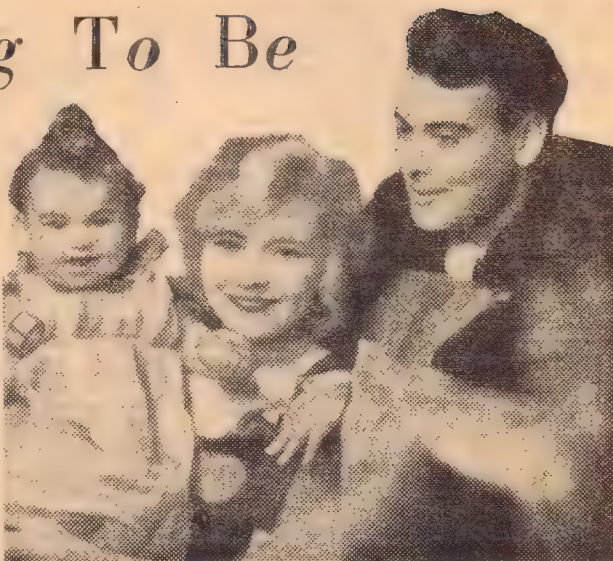
Guy threw back his head and laughed mirthlessly. "As if I didn't know that!"

Cicely's face fell. But it didn't really matter, did it? That wasn't what she had come to talk to him about.

"If that's what you've come all this way to tell me, I'm afraid it's stale news," Guy said harshly.

He's Going To Be A STAR!

Neil Hamilton's Permanent
Wave—Garbo's Car.



Nils Asther, with his wife, Vivian Duncan, and their baby. Within a year Nils is to be "as famous as Clark Gable."

WOULD you make a fuss if someone wanted to give you a free permanent wave? One screen star did! You'll understand the objection better, however, when I tell you that the star was Neil Hamilton, and not a leading lady!

Neil, who is to play the lead in *The Wet Parade*, the hero of which has thick curly hair, is straight haired himself. At first the problem was solved by a Marcel wave every morning.

Then came the Californian rainy season: the harder it rained, the straighter Neil's hair became. In the end he was forced to sit under the hot tubes for a few hours.

It was the kind of permanent wave everybody dreams about and nobody gets... it won't come out! So Neil goes around everywhere with his hat on, and looks fierce when friends tease him about his ringlets.

HERE is one stepmother who doesn't live up to the tradition of being hard-hearted. Lovely Sally Eilers has given up the cosy little flat she and her husband, Hoot Gibson, shared, because she decided that little eight-year-old Lois needed a real home.

Lois, Hoot's daughter by his previous marriage, thinks her new mother wonderful. They've a real bungalow now in Beverly Hills, and Lois has a big back yard in which she can play all day.

IN a year he will outshine Clark Gable," is the latest Hollywood report on Nils Asther.

He was heading for stardom when talkies came and cut his success short. Nils, who is a fellow countryman of Garbo, immediately left Hollywood, and got a job with an insurance company.

He knew that, to keep his job, he'd have to learn to speak understandable English. He kept the job, and learnt the language.

And now he has taken up his career at the point he left off, nearly three years ago.

When Nils showed Vivian Duncan the new contract he'd signed she was one of the proudest girls in Hollywood. Well, in private life, she is Nils' wife, and mother of Evelyn Duncan Asther

who isn't old enough yet to know why daddy and mummy looked so pleased.

WHILST low-built, high-priced 1932 cars thread their way in and out of Hollywood's traffic, Garbo jogs along contentedly in the car she's had now for over five years. It has taken her over fifty thousand miles, too!

Did you know—

That Gracie Fields is making her second talkie? If you liked *Sally in Our Alley*, her first, look out soon for *Looking on the Bright Side*.

That Richard Barthelmess is a journalist as well as a screen star? On holiday in China, during the fighting there, he supplied certain American newspapers with the latest war news.

That Boris Karloff, the monster in *Frankenstein* is really a good-looking Englishman? Despite his Russian name he was born in this country, and educated in London.

That Sidney Fox has supported herself since she was thirteen years old?

YOU'LL soon be seeing Tom Mix in *Destiny Rides Again*. In it Tom has to fire at the head of a criminal until he makes a confession, beginning at wide range and making each succeeding shot six inches closer to the head.

The last shot was an inch-and-a-half from the other actor's head. As Edward Peale, who played the criminal, stumbled from his position, he said:

"And they say it was faked, anyway."

It wasn't! ALFRED CONRAD.

"And, really, Miss Fenshaw, I don't see why you should take it upon yourself to tell me, anyhow!"

Cicely's small hands tightened. Ugly lines showed about her mouth. So he was going to be nasty, was he? Well, she could be pretty nasty herself if it came to that!

"Don't you?" she snapped back. "But that isn't all I have to tell you, Mr. Guy Clifford!"

Guy straightened. His eyes glowed angrily. "I'm afraid I can't wait to hear it, whatever it is. And if it's nothing but some rotten scandal about someone..."

"But it isn't scandal. It's fact, Mr. Clifford. Rather unpleasant fact about a certain person. And that person happens to be yourself!"

There was a moment's pause. Then Guy took a cigarette from his pocket and knocked one end against the ledge of the mantelshelf nonchalantly.

"Really, Miss Fenshaw, I'm not interested in hearing unpleasant facts about anyone. Especially if that person happens to be myself!"

"Oh, but you will be." Cicely's eyes narrowed dangerously. "You can't help being interested—once you hear what I've got to say."

Guy's lips twisted derisively. "All the same, I think I shall forego the pleasure. And now, if you'll excuse me—"

"You'd rather be arrested for murder than listen to me, would you?" Cicely flung at him suddenly. "Well, it's all the same to me if you want deliberately to put your head through a noose!"

Guy paused on his way to the door and stared down at her incredulously. "Whatever are you talking about? Have you gone suddenly mad?"

"Mad?" Cicely laughed in a forced, high-pitched way. "Mad? You'll soon know if I'm mad or not—when I have you arrested for murder after the race!"

"Murder?" His voice was harsh and incredulous. "What do you mean? Who are you insinuating that I've murdered, please?"

"I'm not insinuating. I know you did it!" Cicely stormed. "Why, I heard you threaten her—with my own ears. I heard you say: '*My God, Gwen, if this is the truth, I'll kill you. I swore I'd kill you if I found out you'd deceived me, and now that you have...*' Oh, yes, you needn't look like that, Mr. Guy Clifford, I *did* hear you say it, and I bet you did her in after I'd gone, too! An accident, was it? Well, it *may* have been, but I bet the police will think it bears investigation, anyhow. They don't like murderers to get off scot free in this country, you know!"

"She Sold Her Love To Another Man For Your Sake!"

GUY didn't speak for a moment, and when he did speak, his voice was calm and controlled.

"But since you suspect me of murdering my wife, Miss Fenshaw, why haven't you told the police about it before?"

Cicely paled slightly. He had her there. And, of course, she couldn't tell him about the thousand pounds Jill had paid her to keep silent.

"Oh, well, I've not really a mean disposition, Mr. Clifford. I thought I'd wait until you'd recovered a bit from the shock of it and then give you your chance," she said grudgingly.

"That's very kind of you!" His voice was ironical. "Just what do you mean by 'give me my chance'?"

She grimaced slightly. "I don't like to think of a fine-looking gentleman like you getting strung up, Mr. Clifford."

His lips twisted derisively. "Shall we cut out the compliments and get down to brass tacks, Miss Fenshaw?"

"Oh, very well," she shrugged. "But I'd rather the suggestion came from you."

His mouth was grim suddenly. He frowned. "What suggestion?"

She wet her lips with the point of her tongue. They were very dry. Somehow this interview wasn't going as smoothly as she had imagined it would. Picturing it, on her way down to Brooklands, she had thought she held all the trumps in her hand. There had seemed nothing for Guy Clifford to do but to agree unreservedly to all her demands. But Guy, apparently, intended to put up some sort of fight. She sensed this strongly. It made her both nervous and furious at the same time.

"You're a very rich man, Mr. Clifford, and I'm a poor girl. I was thinking..."

"Blackmail, eh?" He shot the ugly word out at her roughly.

A fierce hot colour stained her cheeks suddenly; her hands trembled.

"How dare you?"

"Well, isn't it? You want money as the price of your silence. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Supposing I do?" She tossed her head angrily. "Isn't it to *your* advantage to pay up?"

"My advantage!" He laughed shortly and looked down at her. There was such scathing contempt in his glance that her eyes fell hastily before his. "*My advantage*," he repeated. "Do you seriously think for one moment I'd be fool enough to put myself in the hands of a scheming little blackmailer like you?"

"You'd rather be hung for murder, I suppose?" Cicely managed to fling at him.

His mouth shut like a trap. His face looked dangerous.

"Much rather. But, you see, I don't think I shall be hung for murder. Because I didn't murder Gwen."

"But I heard you threaten her," Cicely stormed.

"You may have *thought* you did. But, after all, it's only your word against mine, isn't it? And when the court learns of your attempt to blackmail me I don't think it will set very much store on your word, my dear! As a matter of fact," he added slowly, "I don't believe you'd get a soul to believe you!"

"Don't you?" Cicely was beside herself with rage by this time. She didn't know or care what she was saying. Her discretion had been flung to the winds. "Don't you?" she cried again. "But I have been believed, Mr. Guy Clifford. One girl believed me, anyhow. Jill did!"

(Continued on page 20.)

MY wedding night! I suppose no girl ever forgets her wedding night. I know that I shall never forget mine. Yet mine are not happy memories. My wedding night ended in tragedy.

I only married Martin Langley out of pique. Of course, he was fascinating, and, at the time I thought I loved him. I had quarrelled with my fiancé, Peter Thorne, over a legacy my aunt had left me.

I didn't listen to Martin Langley's persuasive love-making at first. I was so sure Peter would beg me to take his ring back. In the end, however, when no word came from him, I became engaged to Martin.

We were to be married at once. I had a holiday from the city office where both Martin and I worked, and Martin said that he would get leave, too.

Martin decided that we should spend our honeymoon in a tiny Dartmoor village. After the simple register office ceremony, on the excuse that he'd forgotten to go to the bank, he borrowed nearly all the money my aunt had left me.

That night he left me, and a detective told me the whole truth.

Martin was a thief; he had stolen from the firm we had both worked for, and then had married me for my money, when detection seemed inevitable.

Whilst escaping, the train he was in was involved in a collision. On my wedding night I identified the charred remains of the man I believed to be my husband.

Nobody had known about my secret marriage. I went back to my old job. And then, one day, Peter came to me and begged my forgiveness.

I told him everything, and although I knew that I didn't deserve it, he loved me still.

We were married, and took a cottage in the country. Months passed, and, happy in the expectation of motherhood, I forgot my unhappy first marriage.

Then one day, alone in the cottage, Martin came back, alive.

Terror stricken with the realisation that he hadn't been killed in the train accident, and that I hadn't the right to be the mother of Peter's child, I fired a revolver at him.

He ran away then, and I, in a sudden illness, managed to 'phone the doctor, realising that my baby was about to be born.

Under the circumstances it was almost a relief to know that my child had never lived. How I lived through the terror of the days of my illness I do not know. I kept on putting off telling Peter the terrible truth, assuring myself that it wasn't necessary just yet.

Then, one day, a letter addressed to him in Martin's handwriting, arrived, and I realised that he had shared my secret all the time.

"PETER!" I sobbed. "Oh, Peter, I didn't dare to tell you! And you've known all the time!"

"There was no need to tell me, darling," he answered gravely. "He told me himself. I've had several letters from him. He's not the sort of blackguard to remain quiet when he thinks he's on to a good thing."

At that tears came to my relief. With my arms clasped about his neck I sobbed out the whole story.

"Deserted on mu

"Peter, I couldn't bear the thought of you leaving me—of you putting me out of your life! I couldn't live without you, Peter. If you're going to turn me away now . . ."

He bent his head swiftly and kissed me.

"Don't, Marian. As if I'd ever give you up. You may be legally his wife, but we belong to each other."

I couldn't begin to tell you what comfort those words were. The strain which I had been enduring all those weeks seemed suddenly to relax.

"I was hoping to have the matter settled before you heard anything, Marian. I knew, of course, how you must be feeling about it all, sweetheart. That brute wrote me a week after he called here. That was his first letter. I've had several since demanding money and threatening to go to the police if he didn't get it."

I started violently as he uttered those last ominous words. He held me reassuringly.

"You needn't worry, darling. That's the last thing he'd do. I don't quite know how he managed to bluff the police that he was dead, but one thing is certain, if he 'comes to life' again, they'll run him into prison. And he isn't looking for unnecessary trouble."

But there was one aspect of the situation which he didn't seem to have thought of.

"If there are any children, Peter..."
I stammered.

He took my face between his hands and kissed me on the lips.

"I've thought it all out. I've been to a solicitor. Your marriage to Martin Langley was strictly legal and will remain strictly legal until the Courts say that the contract is annulled. He left you that first evening, Marian, and you never saw him again until he came here. Do you understand what I mean?"

I nodded. Of course Martin had never been to me a husband except in name.

"But the difficulty, Marian, is to get the case before the courts. To do that we've got to prove that Martin is alive, and Martin alive means Martin in prison. I've worked out a scheme, however."

He drew his arms from about me, and began to fumble with the letter.

"I've been trying to make an appointment with him, Marian. My solicitors advised me not to put anything in writing. It would be useless to ask him here, because he would suspect a trap. I wrote him to the accommodation address he gave me, asking him to meet me at the old windmill up on the hill. I expect this is his answer."

He tore the envelope open, and as he read,

Marian Grant was your love. It was her way herself the happiest in the world. Then, on that very day, she had been sacred for love—she was callously deserted. Your heart will go on, but frankly, simple words are not exclusively to you.

I glanced over his secrets between us.

"He's agreed to
at half-past ten. In
his silence—that's
have a surprise."

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"What are you

I still didn't see weeks and weeks some solution to this and I could be let had failed. "I at his own game, him that we've agreed same time tell the I'm going to be Marian!"

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assurance and calm

Ted on my Wedding Night



Marian Grant was young and eager for life and love. It was her wedding day. She thought herself the happiest bride that had ever lived. Then, on that very night that should have been sacred for love—her wedding night—she was callously deserted.

Your heart will go out to her as, in her own frank, simple words, she tells her own story, exclusively to you. Every word of it is true!

I glanced over his shoulder. There were no secrets between us now.

"He's agreed to meet me to-night, darling, at half-past ten. He thinks I'm going to buy some solution to the problem, by which Peter and I could be left together in peace, and I had failed."

"I'm going to play him first at his own game, Marian. I'm going to tell him that we've agreed to separate, and at the same time tell the rest of his whereabouts. I can't tell you what a difference the assurance and calmness of Peter's voice made

to me. All those weeks I'd been living in terror, and now in a moment my dread seemed to drop from me. Martin no longer figured as some dread spectre who would haunt me for ever.

"When I've made that perfectly clear to him, Marian, I'm going to tell him my suggestion. He is to place in my hands a statement of the circumstances of his marriage. Then he can go to any part of the world he likes. I shall guarantee his fare and a little for his expenses. As soon as he has arrived at his destination, you will begin proceedings for the annulment of your marriage."

I drew in a deep breath of relief. It seemed to me that Peter's plan was perfect in every detail.

"Did you say you were going to meet him at ten-thirty to-night, Peter?"

He nodded.

"Then I'm coming with you."

"He tried to object, but I remained firm. I wasn't going to have him run any risks. I knew what Martin was capable of. I had seen that brutal, cruel look in his eyes."

Besides, with a man like Martin you can never be too careful, and it's as well to have a witness."

I didn't tell him the real reason—that I intended to go with him to protect him. It was not until he had finished breakfast and was ready to go to the station that he reluctantly agreed. As the car moved down the lane I saw him stop and speak a word in an undertone to the gardener—and then I knew, of course, why he had employed that man.

It was to protect me against Martin!

Neither of us spoke as the car wound its way uphill through the woods. There was still a glimmer of the sunset in the sky as we came out on the Downs and saw the windmill with its skeleton sails standing there, dark and sinister.

Just ahead of us was a main road into which the track we had followed ran at right angles. I remember I was glad of the sounds of traffic and the sight of the brightly lit motor coaches tearing by, for they dispelled the eerie feeling which had now got hold of me.

"It's twenty-five past, Marian. We're just in time. Come along."

Giving me his arm, he helped me up the slope. The door of the windmill had long ago been torn from its hinges. As Peter paused on the threshold and tumbled with an electric torch, my fingers slid to the butt of the revolver.

"Mr. Langley?" he called in an undertone. As there was no answer, he flashed the light of the torch round the interior of the mill. There was nobody there. In spite of the fact that I had come there to meet Martin, I know I felt a curious feeling of relief.

"We shall have to wait," Peter said shortly. We seated ourselves on some broken masonry that lay on the ground, and for some minutes talked about everything under the sun except the object which had brought us there. Then gradually we fell silent. Suddenly Peter rose to his feet.

"It's after eleven, Marian. Obviously the fellow isn't coming. We'd better get back."

After being worked up all day, I had a sickening feeling of disappointment. I begged for a few more minutes.

"Let's see if we can see him, Peter," I said. The idea of seeing anybody, for it was quite dark now.

We walked to the other side of the mill, where we commanded a view of the whole slope of the Downs to the road below. There was nobody to be seen. As Peter's arm went about me as if to draw me away, we were both startled by the sight of a man running up the road, carrying a torch. He must have seen us silhouette against the skyline, for he shouted to us, waving to us to come down. When we reached the road, we saw that he was an elderly man in a motoring coat.

"Do you know where the nearest doctor lives? Or where I can get to a telephone?" There's been a bad accident away back, about a quarter of a mile. A man walked straight in front of my car. I tried to swerve, but the only result was that I wrecked the car and got the poor fellow all the same."

As if in answer to his question, there flashed upon the darkened road the lights of a car coming from the opposite direction.

"There's a cottage hospital three miles away," Peter exclaimed. "We'll stop this car and get him to take the man down there. Then I'll run back to my house and telephone."

We stopped the car and, boarding it, made (Continued on next page.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE! In order to avoid the infliction of suffering on persons still living, all the names of the people who figure in this narrative have been changed. The narrative is printed as originally written, but the names of the characters concerned are purely fictitious.

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"Deserted on my Wedding Night"

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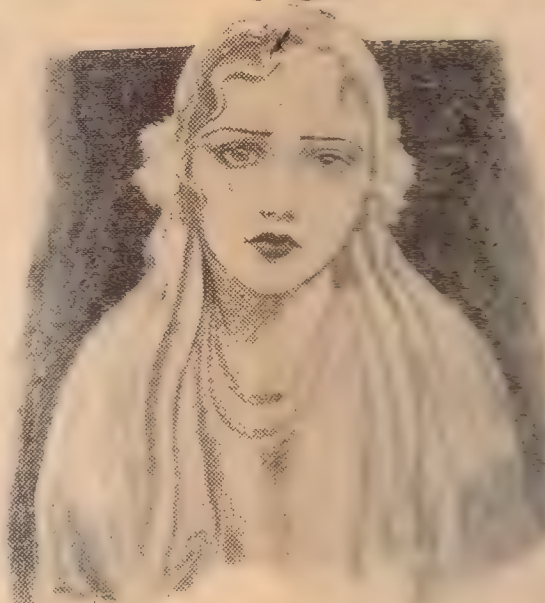
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"He's agreed to meet me to-night, darling, at half-past ten. He thinks I'm going to buy his silence—that's why he's consented. He'll have a surprise."

There was a grim look on his face.

"What are you going to say to him?"

I still didn't understand, you see. For weeks and weeks I had tried myself to find some solution to the problem. I had tried to see and I could be left together in peace, and I had failed. "I'm going to play him first at his own game, Marian. I'm going to tell him that we've agreed to meet at half-past ten, and at the same time tell the police that he's a blackmailer. I'm going to blackmail the blackmailer, Marian!"

I can't tell you what a difference the assurance and calmness of Peter's voice made.

BORN to be BAD!



BY

Dorothy Wilson

Begin This
Great
Serial
Drama
Here . . . !

Diana Lewis was just born to be bad! She couldn't go straight—she didn't want to go straight! She was unscrupulous to the core!

Her blue eyes and baby face fooled the world—and especially men! She looked innocent, but there never was a more daring adventuress, liar and cheat than Diana Lewis, the sinner with the angel face.

"If Sir Henry won't marry me I'll make Lawrence Hunter propose instead," Diana Martin decided.

Di was out for a rich husband, and had chosen Sir Henry Launch, regardless of the fact that he was already engaged to another girl, Mabel Sherrington. Not for nothing had Di yielded, apparently innocent, to his love making!

She had dared too much to give up the idea of a rich husband, just because Sir Henry disappeared, afraid that she had taken him too seriously. She had dared, even, to change her identity and her name to that of Maisie Graham. But it wasn't the first time in her criminal career that she had changed her name.

She had been Diana Lewis when, working as a shop assistant at Wolfington's Stores, she had met the real Maisie Graham, and had discovered that the other girl had a rich grandmother whom she had never seen, and whose charity she had refused to accept.

Di wasn't above accepting charity, though, even if Maisie was. When she had been sacked by Wolfington's, Di had visited the real Maisie's grandmother and said she herself was Maisie.

Di wasn't above anything. She had even caused Elsie Forbes, Mrs. Graham's niece, to leave the house, and to work for her living as an assistant at the very shop where Di herself had worked. She had deliberately attracted every suitable man in the district—Lawrence Hunter, wealthy and unattached; Douglas Davis, who, until he met Di,

had loved Elsie; Sir Henry, with whom she had recently had so much trouble. Her own criminal lover, David Hounslow, she had callously betrayed, sending him back to prison.

The real Maisie had married John Sutton, and gone with him to help run the drapery shop his uncle had left him. A rival firm, set up in opposition, had almost ruined them, and they needed money desperately.

That was why, one afternoon, Di met the real Maisie, whom she discovered was on her way to ask her grandmother to lend her £100. Di managed to ward off the threatened exposure by pretending that she was staying with a rich uncle. She gave the name of her supposed uncle as Douglas Davis, now engaged to Elsie. Di gave Maisie a cheque of Douglas', which she had exchanged for her own, for £100!

No sooner had she got rid of Maisie than she entrapped Lawrence into proposing to her. As she was in his arms, consenting to be his wife, she saw a convict friend of David Hounslow, who knew the truth about her, coming towards them.

To keep this man, Robinson, quiet, Di was forced to steal from her fiancé and hand over £20 to her blackmailer.

Lawrence missed the money, but never suspected his fiancée.

By this time, however, Douglas Davis had his suspicions. They became more than suspicions on the afternoon that he met the real Maisie and

"DESERTED ON MY WEDDING NIGHT"*(Continued from previous page.)*

our way to the scene of the accident. A huddled figure was lying on the grass by the side of the road. As we all converged upon that motionless figure I felt Peter suddenly grip my arm.

Somebody had flashed a torch on the man's face, and in the white glare I saw those features. A little gasp escaped from my lips—for the man lying there was Martin Langley, my husband.

"We're too late. The poor fellow's dead."

I don't know who it was who uttered those words. I was clinging tightly to Peter's arm. It was all over—the bondage, the terror! There was no need now to plan or scheme! Coming to keep his appointment at the old ruined mill on the hill, Martin had met his death.

* * * * *

There is no need to write more. Peter and I were

ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!*(Continued from page 16.)*

"What?" He swung towards her so savagely that for a moment she was afraid he might strike her. "Jill believed that I murdered my wife! I don't believe you. I refuse to believe you."

"But it's true," she cried angrily. "Of course Jill believed me! Otherwise why should she have given me a thousand pounds to keep quiet?"

"What are you saying?" His hand shot out. He grasped her shoulder, holding it in a vice-like grip. "You're mad! You must be! You say Jill gave you a thousand pounds to keep quiet about my threatening Gwen? Why, it's ludicrous."

"Oh, she gave it to me all right," Cicely cried. "How else do you think I'd be living these past weeks? I've a flat in Mayfair and look at my clothes!"

"But it's impossible!" he ground out. "You rotten little liar! Where could Jill have got the thousand pounds to give you anyway?"

"Why, from that man Meredith," she flung back at him. She didn't care what she said now. Anything, anything that might hurt him! "That's who she got it from! And in return she's gone off on this little jaunt to Paris with him! Rather funny her having sold herself to him to give me the money to save you, isn't it? How do you like that, Mr. Guy Clifford? How do you like the thought of her suffering his caresses and love-making just to pay for my silence over you? That's given you a nasty shock, hasn't it?"

"You swear that's true?" Guy was advancing towards her. There was something threatening, frightening about him suddenly. She backed further away from him. Did he mean to attack her? Should she cry for help?

"Yes, of course it's true," she said nervously. "Why should I lie about it? What would be the point in it?"

He stopped abruptly. He stared at her. His face twitched. He ran a hand back over his hair.

"You mean Jill went off with that cad for my sake? Oh, my God!"

Suddenly with a fierce distracted gesture, he buried his face in his hands. He stayed still like that for a very long moment. When he raised his head his face was white, agonised.

married again, quietly, and our life together went on in the little cottage among the beechwoods. . . . Peter, the man I had loved throughout all the tragic tangle of the past.

"HONEYMOON HOTEL!" . . . it is an hotel of romance; of tragedy, too, and secret passions! You are taken there next week, by Beryl Mears, who in her series of complete weekly confessions, will hold you enthralled and fascinated by her true stories of the romances and dramas she has seen there as the hotel receptionist. Everybody will be reading **"HONEYMOON HOTEL"** next week; everybody will be discussing Beryl's sensational disclosures. You must read her confessions, too—in next Saturday's **"Betty's Paper."**

"She loved me enough for that," he whispered. And though there was pain in his voice there was ecstasy, too.

His mechanic rushed into the room. "Mr. Clifford, sir, you ought to be in the car by now and you haven't even changed! I've pushed her up to the gate." And then as he saw Guy's face, "What's the matter, sir? You're not ill, are you? You're fit enough to drive?"

Guy nodded. His voice sounded mechanical. "Oh, yes, I'm fit enough to drive all right."

The mechanic looked more worried. "But, sir . . ."

"It's all right," Guy's voice was sharp and impatient. "I've told you already I'm well enough to drive."

And without once glancing back at Cicely he walked out of the room, followed by his mechanic.

GUY tried to concentrate upon the race. After all, his very life was at stake.

But he couldn't. He was a splendid driver, and yet to-day he kept taking corners too short, forcing his car too high up on the banking. Somehow he couldn't get Jill out of his mind. The thought of what she had done for him—the sacrifice she had made.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, "if only I had made her marry me that day. If only I hadn't listened to her story. I knew at the time she wasn't happy. I sensed it. And then when I got to the station and found her and Meredith in the railway carriage. . . . If only I'd taken that swine by the throat and thrown him bodily on to the platform! Jill! Darling, brave little Jill! And to think I didn't guess what was in her heart!"

An official signed to him that a car wished to pass. With a start Guy brought his thoughts back to the present. He averted to one side too quickly. The back tyres skidded. He felt the car lift itself almost bodily in the air. He knew a queer sensation of rushing through space. . . . Something struck him on the head . . . he lost consciousness.

DRAKE made the nurses promise that when Jill came to the hospital that afternoon they wouldn't tell her that he was leaving that evening.

(Continued on page 30.)

true enough. But you can't—you really can't let her go on deceiving your grandmother."

"I don't intend to," said Maisie. "Only I am not going to have the police brought into it, and I am not going to my grandmother with you two to make a scene! This has been a very big shock to me. I thought Di was my friend, and now I find she's nothing but a wicked adventuress."

"Look here," said Davis, touched by her distress. "Leave it to us, Mrs. Sutton. Let your husband and me deal with her."

Maisie shook her head.

"I am going to deal with her," she said gravely. "I must. Don't be afraid. I'll put a stop to it."

Again she sighed. Then: "If your house is near here, Mr. Davis, could we go there and 'phone?"

Davis nodded. "Certainly, Mrs. Sutton. My house is quite close by."

"Then please let us go there and ring her up. Ask her to come to your house without telling her what you want her for. Do you mind? And—and when she arrives, will you both go away and let me see her alone?"

Davis hesitated, and looked at John. John nodded.

"Very well," said Davis. "If that is your wish, Mrs. Sutton, I'll ring her up at once."

"GRANDMOTHER," said Di in her most innocent, babyish voice. "How long do you think Lawrence and I ought to be engaged?"

"How soon ought you to get married, do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Graham, crisply.

"Well, yes, grandmother, if you like to put it like that," said Di, gently. "Lawrence keeps worrying me to name the day, and I wondered what you think. You have been so good to me I can't help putting you first. I should hate to do anything you didn't want me to do."

Mrs. Graham looked touched.

"Marry as soon as you like, and tell Lawrence I said so," she answered—and Di smiled at her gratefully.

But there was a mocking glint behind that grateful smile. The old fool had said just what she wanted her to say! Now, the next time Di and Lawrence met, Di could tell him that her grandmother wanted to know when the marriage was to be—and so get the whole thing fixed. After all, if she was going to marry him, the sooner the better!

The smile was still on her lips and the mockery was still in her eyes when the telephone rang.

"Mr. Davis wishes to speak to you, miss," the butler reported.

Di nodded and went to the 'phone.

"Ah, is that you?" said Davis' voice. "I wonder if you could come round to my place at once?"

"Why? Whatever for?" inquired Di.

"It's rather private and urgent. I can't very well explain on the 'phone."

"All right," said Di, after a moment's thought. "I'll be with you in a few minutes."

She rang off.

(Continued on next page.)

What has Fate in store for You?



Are you compelled to powder frequently to hide a shiny nose, greasy face, and bad complexion defects? Your whole future happiness may depend on such seemingly small things as this. It has been absolutely proved that there is no one thing about a woman by which a man is so attracted as a beautiful complexion.

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BORN TO BE BAD!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Now what's up with him?" she wondered, and shrugged.

Something was wrong, she was sure of that. But what it could be she could not think. She thought of the cheque, but didn't see how it could possibly be that. That was all over and done with long ago, she told herself. Oh, well, best go and see, and get it over.

There was a scornful look in her eyes as she set out. She certainly was not afraid of Davis. He would be easy enough to deal with, whatever it was. She wasn't going to worry about him, she thought contemptuously.

He opened the door to her himself.

"Well, here I am," she said. "What's the trouble?"

"Just come in here, will you," said Davis, opening a door.

Di entered. But he did not follow. Instead, he closed the door behind her . . . and someone who had been sitting in a chair, waiting, rose to her feet.

"Maisie!" gasped Di.

"Oh, Di!" said Maisie.

The two girls looked at each other.

Di spoke first.

"Does this mean that I am——" She bit off the word "trapped," and asked quickly: "What does this mean?"

"That you are found out," said Maisie.

Di clenched her hands, and her colour fled.

Swiftly she wondered if it was any good putting up a fight. But Maisie's face and manner told her that it was not.

Her knees began to tremble. To be bowled out like this at the eleventh hour was too terrible, she thought savagely.

"How did—— What has happened?" she asked guardedly.

"That cheque," Maisie explained. "You didn't write, as you promised, and John wanted to pay the money back. We thought Mr. Davis was your uncle, so we came down here and inquired for him."

Di bit her lip. Who could ever have expected that, she asked herself in a fury of despair?

"You are pretending to be me," said Maisie reproachfully. "Taking charity from my grandmother in my name! Di—how could you?"

Her voice became very stern.

"It's dreadful, to be such a hypocrite and such a liar—and such a mean swindler," she cried, "to steal those papers out of my drawer so that you could deliberately carry out this imposture. What are you made of, Di?"

"When you are desperate," said Di, "when you are in a hole——"

Then Maisie interrupted her.

"That's no excuse. And it wasn't that. It was a deliberate plot. If you had owned up that day when I came down here, then perhaps there might be something to be said for you. But you didn't. You pretended to be my friend, sorry for me, and anxious to help. I can't forget or forgive that, Di."

Di shrugged. She was done—caught out—and it was no use saying anything, she thought. The game was up, and she had got to take her gruel. She was not conscience-stricken, only furious that she had been found out.

"I know all about you," said Maisie. "And I am horrified to find how mistaken I was in you, and what a deceiver you are. John knows, too, and so does Mr. Davis, all about your having been to prison and everything."

Di gritted her teeth. Nothing at all of the innocent angel was she looking now.

"All right," she said defiantly. "Get on with it. What's the use of talking? Send for the police . . . or, if you have a policeman already waiting, let him come in and take me away."



"Darling," she cried, "I've been waiting for you for ages." She little guessed that he had come to break off their engagement.

her husband, and learnt the truth about the £100 cheque, which John Sutton now wished to pay back.

JOHN and Maisie stared at Douglas Davis incredulously. Davis was just as startled as the other two, though it was he who had actually put the matter into words and dropped the bomb.

One after the other a series of exclamations burst from them.

"Certainly I am Mrs. Graham's grand-daughter, though for reasons of my own, I have never been near her," said Maisie.

"You mean to say that Di is down here pretending to be Maisie!" cried John.

"The impertinence of her, to make out to you that my cheque was from her uncle!" cried Davis.

"Why, I thought you were blackmailing her, and that was the money to keep you quiet. I have

"Yes. About how she took my grandmother in. I kept a lot of family papers in my drawer, and one night I found Di looking at them, and told her my story. And—and shortly after she left so suddenly, she sent them back to me, with a note saying she must have packed them amongst her things by mistake in her hurry! I didn't suspect anything then, but of course it is plain now that she used those papers to deceive Mrs. Graham, and then sent them back before I missed them."

"Cunning little hypocrite, it makes my blood boil!" John exploded.

"There is no question about what we ought to do," cried Davis. "All go at once to Mrs. Graham."

John nodded.

"Yes. Bowl her out for the impostor that she is," he agreed. "And see that she is punished as she deserves to be punished. Why, she must have

NO HOLIDAY THIS YEAR!

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Many readers of "Betty's Paper" looking wisely ahead, are saving for such events now by buying National Savings Certificates. And

to help on their future security and happiness, we are offering £250 worth of National Savings Certificates free to readers every week.

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only been waiting for my friend, Mr. Wolfington, to return in order to see him about this business."

"It's incredible!" gasped John. "I can't believe that Di would have the nerve. Besides, how on earth has she managed to work it?"

"I think I can tell you that," said Maisie, suddenly remembering something.

"Just a moment," interposed Davis. "Talking about nerve—listen to this!" He told them the story of what had happened with Jack Wolfington at the golf club. "And we actually let her bluff us that there was nothing in it, that it must have been her double!" he cried.

"So that was why she was sent away like that?" exclaimed John, looking at Maisie. "I see it all now. The new House detective spotted her, as a girl who had been in prison and got into Wolfington's with a false reference. Well, they say appearances are deceptive, but upon my word I always believed that Di was innocent—a positive angel!"

Davis looked at Maisie.

"You were going to say something?" he reminded her.

committed all sorts of offences—forged my wife's name, taken money under false pretences and goodness knows what!"

"Oh, she'll be punished all right," said Davis, sternly. "And serve her right."

He paused, wondering if he should tell them about Elsie. But before he had made up his mind, Maisie intervened.

"No," she said quietly. "I am not going to have her sent to prison. If she has been there before, to send her back would be the worst thing for her—utterly ruin her!"

"But hang it all, darling," John interrupted, "a girl who has behaved like that cannot possibly be let off."

"No, Mrs. Sutton," Davis backed him up. "Just think what she has done! It isn't a case for mercy, really it isn't."

Maisie looked at them both.

"It is my affair—I am the one chiefly concerned," she said slowly. "It is my name she has taken."

"Yes, dear," said John, as she paused, "that's

MAISIE stared at her, amazed. "Is that all you have to say?" she asked incredulously. "Aren't you ashamed or sorry or—anything, Di?"

"I played for a big stake, and I've lost—that's all. It's no use grousing. My luck's out. It has failed me at the post."

She laughed bitterly.

"What a shock it will be for that old fool, your grandmother! She's always been so pleased to find me such a lady; every day she recognises the Graham in me."

"Di—be quiet!" Maisie cried, shocked.

"Did you think I was going to weep and grovel at your feet?" Di asked mockingly. "I'm not like that. If I were, how could I have held my end up so long? Come on—get it over. Hand me over to the police!"

"Di—of course I am not going to do that!" Maisie cried.

The hard, angry blue eyes widened into a stare.

"You mean you are going to let me off?" Di snapped, on a rising, unbelieving note of astonishment.

"I am not going to give you in charge," said Maisie coldly. "I certainly don't want to make you any harder than you are already."

"Well, I never!" said Di. "What are you going to do with me, then?"

Maisie looked at her in silence for a moment or two, trying to make her out, hoping that she was not really as hard as she seemed.

"First I want you to promise me faithfully that you will go straight in future," she said quietly.

"Will you promise me that—swear it, Di?"

Di nodded.

"Yes," she said readily. "Of course I will."

The colour began to come back to her cheeks.

"I don't want to preach," said Maisie. "But—by hypocrisy and deceit don't pay. Do let this be a lesson to you, Di."

"It will be," said Di, soft and gentle again. "You can be quite sure of that, Maisie. I—I am sorry if I seemed a bit defiant just now. But it's not nice to be found out and feel how wicked you have been and—oh, do try to understand, Maisie," she ended with a fluttering little sigh.

Maisie frowned. That was better, she thought—but was it genuine? Could such a girl be trusted?

No, she decided. Di could not be trusted. Shrewdly Maisie guessed that this change of front was only because Di had discovered that she meant to be more merciful to her than Di had expected her to be. But it did not matter—it made no difference. Maisie was not the sort who could hand over anyone to the police.

"What you must do is to go straight back to my grandmother's—pack your clothes—and clear out," she said sternly. "I won't insist on your telling her face to face, because I want to give you a chance to get away. But you must leave a note behind you confessing everything."

Di looked down at the carpet.

"All right," she said.

"To-day—at once!" added Maisie. "I can't have you staying in that house an hour longer."

(Continued on next page.)

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BORN TO BE BAD!

(Continued from previous page.)

"I'll do it," said Di. "And thank you for the chance."

Maisie looked at her suspiciously.

"You are not trying to trick me, are you?" she asked coldly.

"How can I trick you?" asked Di. "You hold all the trumps. You can make me do anything."

"You are to take nothing but your clothes, not a thing of any value that does not properly belong to you," said Maisie, as suspicious as ever of this sudden meekness.

"All right," said Di again. "I think that is a bit hard—but all right."

"I will give you twenty-four hours," said Maisie. "Then I shall write to my grandmother to make sure that you have really gone!"

"Very well," said Di. She raised her eyes to Maisie's for a moment. "May I go now?" she asked.

Maisie nodded.

Di moved towards the door.

"Di," exclaimed Maisie, as her hand stretched out for the handle, "if things go wrong with you, if you find yourself in difficulties, let me know. You have our address. John and I will help you if we can."

"Oh, I shall be all right," Di answered. "And anyway, what does it matter what becomes of me?"

She opened the door and hurried away.

Maisie sighed. For quite a long time she stood thinking, trying to believe that Di would go wrong no more—shocked and amazed at the discovery that one so innocent looking could be what she had now learned Di was.

Then John and Davis entered.

"You have let her go?" exclaimed John.

Maisie nodded.

"To pack—clear off—and leave a confession behind," she explained.

"To-day?" inquired Davis.

"At once," said Maisie.

The two men looked at each other. It was not the way they would have dealt with this impostor. But it was Maisie's way. They offered no further comment.

"I suppose you two will be going back to town now?" inquired Davis.

"Yes," said John, a little doubtfully. He was troubled about that cheque for a hundred pounds that he had brought down with him.

"Unless you think we ought to wait till Di has had time to clear out and then go to see your grandmother?" he suggested to Maisie. "That hundred has got to be paid back, and it is Mrs. Graham's money, of course."

Maisie shook her head.

"I have given Di twenty-four hours," she said slowly. "Then I am going to write to my grandmother. We can send the money back to her in that letter."

"Good," said John. "All right, dear."

"I'm driving up to see my sweetheart," said Davis. "It was really she who put me on that girl's track. I can give you a lift, if you don't mind being squashed. My car is only a two-seater, but it holds three at a pinch."

"Thank you very much," said Maisie.

What an ending to the little jaunt to pay the loan back, that she and John had been so excited about, she was thinking.

Di's eyes were hard and glittering as she walked back to The Chestnuts.

Maisie, the real Maisie, thought she had her in a cleft-stick, did she? Sternly she had laid down her terms. Di was to do this and that, not take a thing of any value, go off empty-handed and disgraced, leaving a written confession behind her!

Well, she had played up—pretended to agree—she had had to, because at all costs Maisie must be kept quiet. But she was not done yet. Not she!



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TWO COUPONS MUST BE SENT.

Betty's Paper, July 16, 1932.

There was still one chance left.

It was maddening that she should have been caught out like this when she imagined herself so safe and everything appeared to be going so well.

But directly she had discovered that Maisie was neither going to send for the police nor insist on taking her to Mrs. Graham, she had seen the one loophole still open to her.

All was *not* lost! Lawrence Hunter was still in the world! He knew nothing of all this—and he was not going to know till she had made herself safe behind his name!

Get him to marry her at once, and she could snap her fingers at Mrs. Graham, Maisie, Davis, and the lot of them!

What could they do? Was it likely that they would take proceedings against Lawrence's new wife? Not because of fear of a scandal, but because they would not want to break Lawrence's heart!

A cunning smile formed on her lovely lips.

How sorry they would be for poor Lawrence—and how quiet they would keep for his sake!

She would be Mrs. Hunter, and he would not be able to get rid of her! If the worst came to the worst and he left her, he would still have to keep her supplied with money! Yes, she would be on velvet, if only she could make him marry her before Maisie and Mrs. Graham could interfere.

And she could! She knew exactly how it was to be done.

She would go straight up to Lawrence in London, and tell him that she had had a frightful row with her grandmother, and had been turned out! Lawrence knew how difficult Mrs. Graham could be, so he would not be surprised.

She would throw herself on his mercy—explain that she had nobody to come to but him, and what could Lawrence do then but suggest that they should be married at once by special licence? And if he did not suggest it, she would suggest it herself, straight out!

Oh, thank goodness she had had the sense to make him so keen! He would jump at it. They would be married before Mrs. Graham and Maisie could possibly get going!

Carefully Di thought it out.

Maisie had given her twenty-four hours to get right away before she was going to write to her grandmother. That letter would not be delivered till the following morning—and then Mrs. Graham would have to reply to it. After that Maisie would have to see her about the way they had both been cheated before they could do anything. The old fool would be so sick at the way she had been taken in that she would want a lot of convincing!

Di calculated that she would have three clear days at least before anyone could possibly find her or communicate with Lawrence—and three days was ample time to get a special licence and be married, and off on her honeymoon!

The only real difficulty was how to get away without making Mrs. Graham suspicious.

But Di was not the sort to be deterred by a little trouble like that.

(Continued on next page.)

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BORN TO BE BAD!

(Continued from previous page.)

Calmly she walked into the drawing-room, looking as innocent and as sweet as ever.

"I met the postman in the drive, grandmother, and he handed me a letter," she lied. "It was from Lawrence. An aunt and uncle of his have unexpectedly come to town, and he is very anxious for me to meet them. He wants me to go up to dinner to-night, and suggests that I might stay a day or two with them at their hotel and help him to show them the sights. I don't want to, grandmother—I don't like leaving you, but I suppose I ought to."

"Of course you must go, though I must say it is rather short notice," said Mrs. Graham. "I shall

get on quite well without you for a day or two, Maisie," she added crisply.

"Then I suppose I had better go and get my things together," said Di. "You are sure you don't mind, grandmother?"

"Of course not," said the haughty old lady—and Di left the room.

All was going to be well. Now she'd show them!

"ALL right," said Hunter, "I'll come along at once."

He rang off. The 'phone call he had just answered was from a police station. An inspector had rung him up to inform him that the ten-pound note that had been in his lost pocket-book had been traced to the possession of a man named Robinson. Robinson had been brought in to be questioned, and was being detained in case Lawrence wished to charge him.

Arrived at the station, Lawrence found the man sitting in a wooden chair, looking very frightened at finding himself once more in the hands of the police.

"He declines to give any information as to how the note came into his possession," explained the inspector to Lawrence.

Then he turned to Robinson.

"This is the gentleman who missed a pocket-book which contained that note," he said severely.

Robinson looked from one to the other of them with his shifty eyes. He knew the ropes only too well. He need not answer any of their questions unless he wished, but—he looked like being charged with the theft of that pocket-book!

"I never stole it, sir," he mumbled.

"Then who gave you that note?" demanded the inspector.

Again Robinson looked from one to the other of them. Lawrence seemed about to speak, but the inspector signed to him not to interfere.

Robinson was silent for a long time, thinking his own thoughts. That girl down at The Chestnuts had put him in the cart, he was thinking. Plainly it was she who had stolen this man's wallet, but he looked like having to stand the racket. It was either that or giving her away.

His lips trembled with anger. She had double-crossed him! It was her or him, and he didn't see why it should be him! Passing a bunch of stolen notes off on him wasn't playing the game!

Suddenly he made up his mind.

"It was given to me by a young lady at The Chestnuts," he said.

Lawrence started.

"One of the maids there, do you mean?" he asked sharply.

Robinson shook his head.

"The only young lady there is Miss Graham," said Lawrence. "And it cannot possibly be her."

"That's not the name I know her by, sir," said Robinson. "She's got golden hair and blue eyes, and she's living in the house as one of the swells, not one of the maids."

He went on to make a clean breast of the whole story. His only chance was to tell everything, so he told it.

Lawrence listened incredulously. At first he thought the man was lying, but every moment it became clearer and clearer that he was speaking the truth. Nobody could have made up such a story. He glanced at the inspector and saw that his face had become very stern.

The inspector spoke.

"We don't seem to have anything we can hold this man for," he said grimly. "We shall keep him under observation, of course, till his story is checked. But in the meantime you had better let us send a man down to arrest that girl. Obviously she is there for no good, and the sooner she is out of the house, the better. You will charge her, of course, with stealing your wallet, sir?"

"No," said Lawrence steadily. "This man's story has put quite a different complexion on the matter. I—I shall not charge her."

The inspector looked at him searchingly.

"I am afraid we shall have to arrest her on our own, then, and call you as a witness against her," he said. "We cannot compound a felony, sir."

We Wonder—

GOSSIP

—About Our Pals.

—If the Cheltenham blonde knows that her friends are saying she is secretly engaged to the Stroud boy?

—And can she deny that they were seen coming out of a jewellers the other day?

—Whether the Brecon brunette realises that she's only two more weeks to finish knitting her bathing costume in time for her holiday?

—Who is the boy who spends his evenings wandering about outside the Reading girl's house?

—Why the Keswick girl told her friends she was going on a cruise for her holidays?

—And what she said when they met her spending a fortnight at Brighton?

—Why the Caxton couple are taking such an interest lately in empty houses and flats?

Lawrence, who had gone very white, drew a sharp breath.

"There has been no felony," he said. "I recollect now that I gave her the wallet."

The inspector shrugged.

"If you say that, I am bound to accept it, sir," he said coldly.

Lawrence left the police station without so much as another glance at the man, Robinson.

He hurled himself into a taxi and stared out of the window with unseeing eyes as it moved off.

Good heavens! The girl he had believed he loved so passionately was a thief and an impostor! Not Maisie Graham at all, just a lying adventuress.

He covered his face with his hands. Whatever affection he had had for her was dead, utterly dead.

"I must ring up Mrs. Graham at once," he thought. Obviously, Mrs. Graham must be told that the girl she believed to be her granddaughter was a thief and the associate of criminals, masquerading in her house under the real Maisie's name. Let Mrs. Graham deal with her as she thought fit. He never wanted to see her or hear of her again.

The taxi stopped, and he got out, paid the man, and let himself into his flat.

Someone sprang out of a chair—an angel-faced figure with appealing blue eyes.

"Lawrence, darling, here you are at last!" cried Di, advancing towards him to throw herself into his arms. "I have been waiting ages for you!"

Di, although she does not yet know it, is exposed at last—but **SHE IS NOT YET BEATEN!** You dare not miss the next, the most exciting instalment of all. Order your copy of Saturday's issue to-day.

EVIDENCE FOR DIVORCE

(Continued from page 12.)

deep blue eyes alight, his dark hair ruffled, and suddenly a smile curved Kay's soft crimson lips.

"I don't want you to go to Tony, Roger," she said softly. "I never really loved him—I only thought I did. He meant security, and I'd suffered so much. But things are better as they are. I'd never have made him happy—You see I love someone else."

"Kay!" Roger took a swift step forward at her words. "Do you mean that you forgive me—that there's a chance for me after all? I've done you the greatest wrong a man can do a girl in throwing your love back in your face, but through it all I've never ceased to love you!"

Then she was in his arms, clinging to him, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Oh, my dear—don't you understand?" she whispered. "Don't you know yet that I've loved you since that very first time I saw you in the hall when I arrived at The Towers? I knew that you were going to mean more to me than any man had ever meant, but I fought against it for Tony's sake. I'd promised to marry him, and I couldn't forget my promise. But always you drew me against my will. I couldn't help loving you, though I tried so hard not to!"

"My darling, I don't deserve this happiness!" Roger exclaimed passionately, crushing her closer.

"Say you'll marry me at once!"

"I'll marry you whenever you like," Kay answered as she nestled closer to him. "Oh, Roger—it's wonderful to know you love me, after all!"

Roger laughed softly as his lips found hers.

"As though I could help loving you, my little beloved!" he whispered.

His lips crushed on hers again, and in the wonder of that kiss Kay knew that all doubts and fears were finally laid to rest.

His love and trust were hers for all time. They belonged together, never to part again.

"**IN THE POWER OF A BRUTE**" is the exciting title of next week's complete long novel. It tells of an innocent girl who was powerless to contradict the rumours about herself and a man she hated. She was in his power . . . forced to do as he commanded. You must not miss this tensely dramatic novel. Order next Saturday's "Betty's Paper"

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hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted

with that horrible superfluous hair." The New White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

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At her residence, 12, Chesham-crescent, Sherley, Mrs. Kittie Upward (the well-known breeder of Pekinese and Pomeranians) told me of her Health Sufferings and of the marvellous effect of Dr. Cassell Tablets.

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| -Anæmia! | -Indigestion! |
| -Pains! | -Headaches! |
| -Poor Appetite! | -Lack of Energy! |

Dr.

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Price 1/3 & 3/-

ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from page 20.)

"Yes, monsieur, we understand. You want to surprise the little bride to-night, eh?" And they laughed knowingly.

"That's the idea," Drake said eagerly, his dark eyes firing. "I want to surprise her—to-night."

That afternoon he was insistent that Jill shouldn't go out that night. Occasionally she had gone to the pictures with one or other of the women staying in the hotel.

"You look tired out, my dearest. I want you particularly to stay at home to-night and go to bed early," he said. He turned his head aside to hide a slight smile. What a surprise she would have! He hoped a pleasant one, though he wasn't at all sure of that. But he was her husband now, wasn't he? He had every right to her love.

Jill agreed to do as he asked her. What was the use of arguing? Besides, she had no special reason for wanting to go out that night.

The late afternoon was pleasant. On her way back to the hotel she passed a small English tea-shop. She paused outside, irresolute. Wouldn't a cup of real English tea taste good after all these weeks? And why not have it? She had nothing else to do.

A pleasant elderly English woman waited upon her.

"Would you like me to turn on the radio, my dear?" she asked. "The first English news should be coming through shortly."

Jill said it would be very nice. But she didn't pay much attention to the first few items of news as she sipped her tea. The tea tasted so good! What a relief to get it made properly again.

But suddenly she had dropped her cup with a queer little cry. She was staring in stunned horrified amazement at that radio as though she could scarcely credit what she was hearing. Sentences leapt out to her with startling clearness.

. . . regret to state that a serious accident happened on the Brooklands track this afternoon to Mr. Guy Clifford, the famous racing driver. His car apparently skidded. He was thrown out on to the track and is at present suffering from severe concussion. He has been taken to the Pentlands Private Nursing Home, near Weybridge, and while there is still hope . . .

"Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" Jill had started to her feet. She was swaying slightly, still staring at the radio, her eyes haggard. "I can't bear it," she cried again. "If he should die I can't go on living! I can't!"

She was distracted, beside herself. She didn't know what she was saying. The pleasant waitress rushed out to see what was the matter with her.

"Oh, my dear, are you ill? What can I do for you?"

"Call me a taxi. I must get back to the hotel at once," Jill whispered. "I've just heard bad news over the radio. The man—the man . . ." But she couldn't go on. Sobs were choking her voice.

The woman nodded sympathetically. "I think

I understand, my dear. It's the man you love, isn't it?

Jill bent her head. A sob racked her small, slight frame. "Love?" Her voice broke. "I worship him with my whole heart and soul. And now..."

"Perhaps there's still hope," the woman whispered.

"Yes, yes!" Jill clung on to that eagerly. "Still hope..."

She clung on to that thought all the way back in the taxi. Directly she got back to the hotel she put through a transcontinental 'phone-call to the Pentlands Private Nursing Home at Weybridge.

What torturing moments as she waited to be put through! She walked restlessly across and across the carpeted lounge hall; she couldn't bear this waiting, and yet, in a curious way, she dreaded to be put through. Supposing the worst had happened! Supposing Guy were already dead! Oh, no, not that! Not that!

"Your call, madam," the hall porter said.

Jill dashed to the telephone booth.

"Is that the Pentlands Private Nursing Home? I—I want to know how Mr. Guy Clifford is."

A moment's silence. Then: "Mr. Clifford's condition remains much the same. Who is inquiring, please?"

"This is Jill Cooper." For the moment she had completely forgotten she was married to Drake.

The voice at the other end changed suddenly.

"Would you hold the line a moment, Miss Cooper? The matron would like to speak to you. This is very urgent, please."

Again that interminable, awful waiting. Then the matron's voice. A rather sweet voice, Jill thought.

"Mr. Clifford is delirious," she said, "but he keeps calling for someone named 'Jill.' I suppose you're not that Jill, Miss Cooper?"

"I—I think I might be," Jill faltered. And, despite her awful distress, a queer gladness filled her soul. So he loved her still! Despite everything that had happened! In his sickness he was calling her name!

"I don't know where you're speaking from, Miss Cooper, but if you could manage to get here soon it might make all the difference to Mr. Clifford in his present condition."

"I'm speaking from Paris."

"Oh, in that case..."

"But I will get over—just as soon as I can. I'll take the night boat. I'll be there in the morning. Oh, do you think he'll be all right until the morning, Matron?" There was the sharp edge of desperation in her young voice.

"Perhaps he will be. Anyhow, we'll hope for the best. Then we'll expect you in the morning, Miss Cooper? And in the meantime I can assure you that everything that can be done will be done for Mr. Clifford."

Jill started to pack a suitcase feverishly. She had barely an hour in which to catch her train. She scribbled a few lines to be sent round to Drake at the hospital.

(Continued on next page.)

MADE MISERABLE BY ANÆMIA.

Girl's Wretchedly Depressed State.

"I was so miserable and depressed that I had no heart for anything," so stated Miss M. Bingham, of 3, Nelson Street, Newbold Moor, Chesterfield, to a newspaper reporter.

"For over two years," she continued, "I was in a run-down, anæmic state; I had no appetite, and was always languid. I lost interest in everything, and never had any desire to go out or mix with friends. I was subject to fainting bouts, and suffered severely from headaches; indigestion added to my misery. My mother was worried about me, and spent a lot of money on different medicines, but they did me no good."

"Then I happened to read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and made up my mind to try them. I soon began to eat better, and my spirits brightened. I continued with the pills and made steady progress, until now, after taking six boxes, I feel better than I have ever done in my life. I am always ready for my meals, and it is a joy to be alive."

No girl need look ill or feel ill—Dr. Williams' pink pills will help them to get the best out of life. All chemists sell these pills, 3s. 6d. box; but ask for Dr. Williams'—nothing else will do.

FREE.—Every girl in the country should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to H.L. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.—(Advt.)

BEAUTY OF FACE AND FORM.—Send only 1½d. stamp.—ALLENBY, 64, Great Victoria-street, Belfast.

FREE HOROSCOPE.—Your Future Events Explained. 1932-33 Birthdate. 1/1½.—RENEE, 419, Lord-st, Southport.

6/- IN £ COMMISSION.—Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods. Agents Wanted.—GARRATT, Stockley-street, Northampton.

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ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

I have to go back to London for a few days. Someone is dying. Please forgive me, but I must go. I will be back. I promise you that.—JILL.

Drake wouldn't be out of the hospital for a few days, she thought. She would be back by then. She'd stick to her bargain—for she still looked upon it as a bargain even though she was now his wife. A hideous bargain. But she would go through with it.

Ever afterwards that journey was a nightmare to Jill. She couldn't sleep. She didn't even attempt to. She sat tense and straight on the edge of the seat, thinking always of Guy, praying in her heart that he would live. She wasn't conscious of her fellow-passengers, she was scarcely conscious of the rough channel crossing. Then England again! What a blessed relief it was!

It was a bright, clear, hot summer morning as she was driven through the twisting lanes towards the nursing home. Summer flowers raised grateful faces to the sun's warmth, bees buzzed amongst them, the hedges were that bright vivid green that only English hedges can be.

But Jill was unconscious of it all. She was only

conscious that every second she was getting nearer, nearer to Guy. Was he still alive? She hadn't dared telephone for fear that he mightn't be.

At last she was there! She thrust too much money into the astonished taxi-man's hand, and rushed towards the door. The matron had been looking out for her.

"You're Miss Jill Cooper, aren't you?" she said kindly.

Jill nodded. "Guy, is he . . . is he—?"

"He's still alive," the matron said slowly. "And he's conscious. But . . ."

There was something ominous in that "but," Jill felt.

"But, but what?" she stammered.

"Well," the matron paused as though embarrassed at what she had to say. "I'm afraid he's not quite right in his head, Miss Cooper. The fact of the matter is he seems under an illusion that you are his wife!"

Will Guy's delusion end in further tragedy for Jill? And what of Drake, cheated again of his bride? Do not miss the next daring chapters of this sensational serial. Order Next Week's Issue Now!

Is Your Name - - - Ruth?

RUTH'S great desire is to express herself, to reach perfection in anything she attempts; and to wear the nicest clothes to the best advantage. She is an artistic girl. She has what is known as "style."

She is critical, and ambitious.

Her dress is usually on the severe side. She is particular about it, and always neat. She has a dominant personality, is poised, striking, and decided in movement.

She would make a splendid variety artiste, dancer, instrumentalist, or actress. She will strive for the perfection of her talents.



A famous Ruth of the screen—Ruth Chatterton.

Or - - - Walter?

WALTER is a boy who is particular about his appearance. He will always look neat, and smartly attired.

He has a dominant personality, and rather inclined to push himself forward. He is willing and anxious to help others, however. One of Walter's characteristics is that he is decided and deliberate in movement and manner.

He would make a good author, minister, organist, or mining engineer. Preferably he should have an occupation which brings him into contact with nature.

Is your name Ruth? Or is the name of your sweetheart Walter? Here the meanings of these two popular names are explained. If your name has not been given in this feature, look out for it. It may be explained next week. And here is an idea for you. Why not cut out these meanings of names and paste them in a scrap book? Many readers have already collected a useful album.

STRAIGHT TALK TO LEG SUFFERERS

By "VERAX."

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then read my remarks below. Every word is true and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted. WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE. Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. My advice is—Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is priced 3/6, but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A leg wound however small is a sign of internal blood pressure. Under this pressure the veins have given way and the wound has formed. This pressure will continue—the weak veins will keep on breaking down and the wound become larger and larger unless you adopt the correct Treatment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Write for the book and find out for yourself how to treat your leg.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? A swollen leg indicates the development of a Varicose Leg, the coming of painful ulcers, the day and night torture of white leg, the swelling means over-charged blood vessels and lymphatics, which will soon be at bursting point. In short, a very BAD LEG. What will cure your swollen leg? What will take away those unsightly swollen ankles? The answer to this question is of vital importance to you. The vessels of your leg are clogged, overcharged, stretched at high tension. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. You must get at the root cause. You must remove the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES: What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and the shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. The itching, irritation, burning and smarting and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this

is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. See below and sign the coupon and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS. There comes a time when Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by an operation, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicose, too. Delay and neglect with increasing tensions in the vessels will so stretch the vein walls that the veins lose all elasticity. They will become like an over-stretch and slack piece of ruined elastic. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN, PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS. They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement. If it is stiff when you arise to walk after resting, it is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis or Rheumatism or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrositis may be growing around the joint to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. There is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles never can be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope and cure. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, or PSORIASIS LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS or SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward G.Z., 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

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ADDRESS:—National College, 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.
Please send valuable Book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

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MORE SPECIAL PRIZE-WINNERS IN COUPON PRIZE SCHEME No. 2

FOLLOWING the publication last week of the main prize winners, we are able to give to-day the names and addresses of some of the winners of special prizes, who will receive Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Bookcases, Linen Tablecloths, Umbrellas, Cameras, etc.:-

BANNISTER, H. G., 6, Lower-st., Stephen-st., Wigan.
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MOLD, Miss L., 94, Kensington-court, Kensington, W.8.
THOMPSON, Mrs. M., 131, Main-st., Keswick, Cumberland.
TAZIKER, Master C., 1064, Sussex-road, Southport.
KNIGHT, E. J., 190, Fernale-road, Swindon, Wilts.
FLEETWOOD, Mrs. M., 14/11 Camp, Larkhill, Salisbury Plain, Wilts.
LORD, Mrs. Annie, 100, Market-street, Whitworth.
DEEGAN, D., 12, Edmund-st., Rochdale-rd., Manchester.
CLARKE, Mrs. F., 23, Rual-rd., Peckham, London, S.E.15.
SMITH, J. T., 42, Corporation-street, Salford.
NASH, W. E., 43, Thurlow Park-road, Dulwich, S.E.21.
TAYLOR, Miss F., 106, Winter-road, Southsea.
GOUGH, A. G., 96, Arderton-st., Ladywood, Birmingham.
MCDONALD, Mrs. Jane A., 2, Westfield-av., Dundee, Scotland.
BLACKBOURNE, Master H., 5, Lee-street, Louth, Lincs.
BULSON, Miss Elsie, 4, Zetland-rd., Sefton Park, Liverpool.
DRAKE, Miss, 15, Brunel-road, Rotherhithe.
STACEY, A. G., 78, Trinity-road, Llanelli.
TERRY, Mrs. N., Court Lodge, Appledore, Kent.
ELVIN, Miss M., 6, Wild-st., Eccles, New-rd., Salford.
THOMLINSON, Mrs. S., 44, Lullington-rd., Pendleton, Salford.
GARDNER, J. P., 48, Botanic-avenue, Belfast.
SRVNOCK, Mrs. W., 209, Beckenham-rd., Beckenham, Kent.
BECKETT, Miss R., 49, Copland-road, Glasgow, S.W.1.
McKEAN, John, 2, Francis-street, Glasgow, C.5.
BATCHELOR, Mrs. L., Path Fields, Shere, nr. Guildford.
SISSON, Miss M., 68, Hood-lane, Sankey, nr. Warrington.
BRADSHAW, Wm., 156, Battersby-lane, Warrington.
MEIKLE, Miss A., c/o Murray, 132, Cambridge-street, Glasgow, C.3.
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COOKE, Mrs. E., 10, Ludlow-st., Chorlton-on-Medlock, M/c.
LOCK, Mrs. R., 31, Barrington-terrace, Dean Bank, Ferryhill, Durham.
HADDON, Mrs. W., Leverington Common, nr. Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.
MONK, Miss F. C., 36, Johnston-ter., Keyham, Devonport.
JEPPI, Mrs. E., 32, Buckingham-road, Doncaster.
MAYES, Mrs. P., 66, Morley Hill, Enfield, Middlesex.
ROSE, Mrs., 365, Thornton-road, West Croydon.
BAGULEY, Mrs. L., 15, Park-avenue, Altrincham.
HARRIS, Miss M., 6, Leobury-road, Hereford.
FLETCHER, Miss L., 66, Ordsall-lane, Salford, Lancs.
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HOLMAN, Mrs. A., St. Vincent Bungalow, St. Anthony's Bank, Ramorstone, Grimsby.
TAYLOR, Mrs. W., Newlyn, Station-rd., Hunmanby, Yorks.
MUSSON, Mrs. K., 119, Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham.
SMETHURST, Mrs. H., 175, Gordon-street, Leigh, Lancs.
McCANN, Mrs., 141, Upper Dorset-st., Dublin, I.F.S.
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DUNWOODY, Mrs. L., 6, Kockview-st., Belfast, N. Ireland.
SMITH, Mrs. L. E., 87, Woodchester-street, Harrow-road, Paddington, London.
WALKER, Mrs. M. E. H., Dunkirk, Chapel Milton, Chapel en-le-Prith, Stockport, Cheshire.
WILLS, Mrs. C. R., 25, Princess-street, Dorchester.
GREEN, Mrs. Ada, 82, Errwood-road, Burnage, M/c.
MACK, G., 99, Clydesdale-street, New Stevenston, Holytown Lanarkshire.
CRAWFORD, C., 98, Wombwell-road, Stairfoot, Barnsley.
BRINDLE, Master G., 24, Bath-street, Weymouth.
HOUGH, H., 4, Astley-street, Salford.
WILLIAMS, J., 1, Queen Anne-terrace, Liverpool.
TAGUE, Mr., 253, Stanley-road, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
McWELLAN, C., Abbey Hotel, Malvern, Worcestershire.
ADAMS, A., 3, Farm-terr., Phillips Town, New Tredegar S.W.
ROSS, P., The Hostel, Falkirk, Stirlingshire.
WOODS, A., 53, Downsell-rd., Stratford, London, E.15.
MICHAELSON, H., 172, Corporation-street, Manchester.
HASTED, C. B. H., Bleaton, Fordingbridge, Hampshire.
CHADWICK, Mr., 188, Grey Mare-lane, Bradford, M/c.
STEPHENSON, J., 15, Harriet-st., Attercliffe, Sheffield.
McGURK, F., 50, Cowcill-street, Manchester.
CARPENTER, H. J., 98, Knowsley-rd., Battersea, S.W.11.
BROWELL, G., 12, Summerhill, Blaydon.
ROSEN, I., 35, Churton-street, Victoria, London, S.W.1.

(Continued on next page.)

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.

Name

Address

No. 504-July 16, 1932. WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY FOR SNAPSHOT COMPETITION ON PAGE 5.

The proprietors of **BETTY'S PAPER** will endeavour to return every photograph which is accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of adequate size.

No responsibility can be accepted by the Competition Editor for any photograph lost, delayed, or mislaid, and proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

The Competition Editor may vary the awards as he thinks fit, and his decision on all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding, and this is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Allied Newspapers Ltd. are not allowed to compete.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW.

ASK BETTY

"What Can I Do?"

Betty Solves Your Problems On This Page.



WORRIED JOAN (Lancs.) writes: I have often read your advice to readers, and now I am going to ask if you will help me, too. Since I left school I have always been flustered when talking to my friends, and it vexes me to know how I blush even when I look at anybody. How can I avoid it? I feel so ashamed of myself.

Worrying about it is the very worst thing you can do, my dear. You must make a great effort to forget yourself when you're talking, and be natural. You don't say how old you are, but blushing is a thing you will grow out of as you get older and gain confidence in yourself. Blushing can be most attractive at times, you know.

If you've any little problem, or want a friend's sympathy and advice, why not write to me? My address is: Betty, c/o Betty's Paper, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

There isn't always space to print replies in Betty's Paper, and, anyway, we go to press a long time before publication, so readers who want a quick private reply, should enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope, and I will write to them by return of post.

WORRIED BLUE EYES writes: I have been going out with a boy for about three months, but I now hear that he has another girl. Do you think I am right in still going out with him, or should I give him up? He seems to love me very much.

I don't think you need worry, my dear, about what you heard. If he had another girl he wouldn't still want to meet you, would he? So many things one hears about people have no truth in them at all. I certainly don't think you should give him up, especially as he seems so fond of you. If you still feel doubtful, why not tell him what you heard, and ask him if it is true? There is probably quite a simple explanation, and his reply will save you such a lot of heartache and worry.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE (Grimsby).—She writes: "I love my boy, and he says he loves me, but once he said his pal came first, and I can't help thinking about it. Will you please tell me what to say to see if he has changed his mind? We are both sixteen. Are we too young to fall in love? Can cousins marry?"

You are both rather young, dear, and I think that as long as your boy doesn't neglect you, you mustn't interfere with his friendship with his pal. There is nothing a boy hates more than not to be able to have his own friends, and he may feel that he isn't old enough to take a girl's friendship seriously. You mustn't be too serious about these things yet, although some very happy couples do fall in love when they are young. Yes, cousins may marry, but it is not advisable if there is any hereditary weakness in the family. It would be better if both of them consulted a doctor first.

MIZPAH (Ireland).—You must tell your cousin, very kindly of course, that as you do not love him it would be unfair to both of you to marry him. Anyway, eleven years is too great a difference in age when you are so young. If you are really fond of this other boy, you might try to see him more often, and I am sure your cousin will understand when he realises that you love someone else.

WORRIED BLUE EYES (Bolton).—I can't quite understand, dear, why you want to make your hair white. A number of people use peroxide as a bleach, but it is very injurious to the hair, and I would not recommend it. Why not ask your hairdresser next time you have your hair cut?

**If Health and Vim
In Vain you Seek,
Take
Beecham's Pills
Three times
a Week!**

MORE SPECIAL PRIZE-WINNERS IN COUPON PRIZE SCHEME No. 2

(Continued from previous page.)

DAWES, W., 23, Plumblands-In., Whitehaven, Cumberland.
 PARSON, W., 24, St. Luke's-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 FLETCHER, Mrs. A., 303, Manchester-road, Bolton.
 GAULTFIELD, B., 32, Sundays Well-avenue, Yeovil, Somerset.
 RICE, Mrs. M., Victoria Inn, Tintinhull, Yeovil, Somerset.
 COLLINS, Mrs., A., 22, Leinster-sq., Bayswater, London, W.2.
 MUGGLEWORTH, J. E., 48, St. Andrews-rd., Montpelier, Bristol.
 THOMPSON, Mrs. L., High-street, Stokesley, Yorks.
 WILD, J., 9, Mellor-street, Stockport.
 FREEMAN, G., 28, Surrey-street, Worthing, Sussex.
 WOOD, G., 94, Heysham-road, Southport.
 MULLEY, H. A., 54, Brightingsea Bldgs., Limehouse, E.14.
 MCNEIL, R., 4, Kilmont-street, Glasgow.
 JOHNSTONE, R., St. Andrews Hotel, Exchequer-st., Dublin.
 BUTLER, A. H. V., 31, Bryony-road, Wormholt Park, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.
 BOARDMAN, H., 7, Lever-st., Tyldesley, nr. M/c.
 IREDALE, H., 16, Swallow-street, Huddersfield, Yorks.
 GOODRIDGE, W. J., 26, Halifax-ter., Treherbert, Glam.
 DANIEL, E., P.O. State Mines, Transvaal, South Africa.
 BAILEY, E., 1398, Stratford-rd., Hall Green, Birmingham.
 WALKER, T., 96, Charter-street, Acorn, Birmingham.
 BARRETT, A. J., c/o 22, George-st., Warrington, M/c.
 WEST, Master S., 54, St. George's-rd., South, Lowestoft.
 BANKS, H., 12, Regent-st., Southsea, Portsmouth.
 MIREHOUSE, J., Holme Leigh, Walker-st., Cockermouth, Cumberland.
 WHITE, W. D., Belvedere House, Gardiners-row, Dublin.
 ASHBE, S., 2, Churchfields, Snodland, Kent.
 FOLEY, W., 9, Chaucer-street, Hull.
 NEIL, G. W., 9, Merrick-gardens, Ibrox, Glasgow.
 DANIELS, T., 26, Owen-street, Patricroft, Manchester.
 REID, P., 2, Haverly-road, Marino, Dublin, Ireland.
 HERRICK, Master J., 24, Clonlee-drive, Bloomfield, Belfast.
 PITT, E., 7, Styl-grove, Gately, Cheshire.
 TUCKER, J., 7, Alexandra-road, Pontcymmer.
 AXFORD, F., 14, Portland Villas, Plymouth, Devon.
 THOMAS, A., 6, Chester-road, Kidderminster.
 SARGENT, J., 3, Chapel Cottages, Preston, Weymouth, Dorset.
 RENTON, A., 120, Corporation-st., Chorley, Lancs.
 MILNEA, T., 25, Parkgate-street, Dublin, Ireland.
 DILMES, A. J., 12a, North-street, Gainsborough, Lancs.
 BRATLEY, F., Fern Villa, Hull-rd., Hesse, E. Yorks.
 KING, W. E., 276, Lincoln-rd., Millfield, Peterborough.
 ROBINSON, C., 42, Leigh-rd., Boothstown, nr. Manchester.
 WILLOUGHBY, J., 171, Albion-street, Grimsby.
 LEACH, T., 8, Ganville-road, Harrogate.
 WADE, A., 7, Brook-ter., Stockport-rd., Longsight, M/c.
 SCOTT, L., Ivanhoe, Putland-road, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.
 BUCKLE, T., 3, Mercury-rd., Well Hall, Eltham, S.E.9.
 FORAN, P., 16, Lombard-street, West, Dublin, Ireland.
 WHITE, W., 4, Auburn-street, Dublin.
 DINGDALL, A. T., 13, St. Paul's-street, Blackburn.
 KITCHING, Master A. S., The Bungalow, Broomfield Landing, Brough, E. Yorks.
 CLARK, Mrs. A. M., 178, Waterloo-street, Hull, Yorks.
 BICK, W., Bluntington, Chaddesley, Corbett, Kidderminster.
 DUNFORD, Mrs. G., 26, Aberpennar-st., Mountain Ash.
 DUNKERLEY, Mrs. E., 24, Belgrave-av., Oldham, Lancs.
 SHARPE, Mrs. A. E., 43, Station-rd., Harlesden, N.W.10.
 TIPPER, Mrs. 188, Colonial-road, Bordsley Green, Birmingham.
 WILSON, Mrs. H., Coastguard Station, Portscatho, Cornwall.
 MELLING, Mrs. H., 46, Belbeck-st., Elton, Bury, Lancs.
 CALVESBERT, H., 11, Church-rd., Acton, London, W.3.
 DEAN, Miss N., 10, Promenade Central, Hearn Bay, Kent.
 SCOTT, W., 71, Saltmarket, Glasgow, Scotland.
 STOCKMAN, A., 3, Union-lane, Brixham, Devon.
 JENNER, Mrs. E., 65, Balham-grove, Balham, London, S.W.12.
 ROGERS, Miss E., 135, Chester-road, Flint.
 LING, Mrs. E. J., 27, Cowley-sq., Stanhope Lines, Aldershot.
 HART, J. H., 17, St. John's-road, Isleworth, Middlesex.
 PIEDGIER, L., 115, Whippingham-rd., Brighton, Sussex.
 JONES, Mrs. B., 6, Elm-tree-grve, Thorne, Doncaster, Yorks.
 ROBERTS, Mrs. E., 150, Cross-lane, Radcliffe, nr. M/c.
 JOLLY, H., 13, Lottie-street, Pendlebury, Lancs.
 GOUGH, R., 31, Harold-street, Preston, Lancs.
 HARVEY, T., 33, Poplar-grove, Bilton, Harrogate, Yorks.
 REDFEARN, Mrs. T., 39, Twenty-first-ave., Endyke-lane, Hull.
 LISTER, R. W., Oakley, Basingstoke.

ANOTHER FREE OFFER

LET
MADAME
ASTRAL
TELL
YOUR
FORTUNE.



DO you know that every pack of cards holds a message for you, and that from the way the cards fall when you shuffle and deal them, Madame Astral can depict clearly events that are going to happen to you? Thousands of *Betty's Paper* readers have testified to her remarkable prophecies. Avail yourself to-day of our Free Offer.

Madame Astral will also send you the meaning of that vivid dream you remember so well. In it there is a hidden message. Madame Astral will tell you what it is.

PLEASE NOTE.

All queries about Dreams and Fortunes from Cards to be addressed to Madame Astral, *Betty's Paper*, Allied Newspapers Ltd., 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. There is no fee, but the Coupon on this page must accompany every letter sent in, and a stamped self-addressed envelope must be enclosed. Only one dream can be explained or one set of cards read for one coupon.

INSTRUCTIONS re FORTUNES FROM CARDS.—Shuffle well a pack of ordinary playing cards, pick out five at random, with the backs towards you, and place face upwards on the table. Tell me the value and suit of each and the order in which you drew them from the pack. I require to know also your colouring, age, sex, whether married or single, and any other details you think important.



MADAME ASTRAL COUPON.

BETTY'S PAPER

July 16, 1932.

KNIGHT, Mrs., B., Hollies, Minworth, nr. Birmingham.
 TRENTER, Mrs. S., 14, Coppice-row, Norton-ter., Norton Canes, Staffs.
 SMITH, Mrs. M., Londonderry Cottage, Wolverton, Stockton-on-Tees.
 CLARK, Mrs. L., 77, Willesden-lane, London, N.W.6.
 BLACKMORE, M., 19, Church-road, Horfield, Bristol.
 DOBSON, C., 8, Hambleton View, Read, nr. Burnley.

More winners of special prizes will appear in next week's issue.

Printed and Published by ALLIED NEWSPAPERS LTD., at their Registered Office, Withy Grove, Manchester. Sole Agents for Australasia: MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH (Australasia) LTD. Sole Agents for South Africa: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY LTD. Sole agents for Canada: MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH LTD. & MESSRS. THE IMPERIAL NEWS Co., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Vancouver.